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TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

GOOD! IT'S MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS.

6d. Bottle makes 8 Gallons non-intoxicating Beer.
IMITATED BUT NOT EQUALLED.

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MILD, MEDIUM, and FULL
GALLAHER'S "TWO FLAKES" TOBACCO.
In 1, 2, & 4 oz. TINS, secured by patent band.

THE FRAUD of having other tyres palmed off as genuine
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IN TABLET FORM.
Sold by Confectioners and Stores in 1d. packets and upwards.
Factory—LE LOCLE, SWITZERLAND. Sole Agent (trade only)—C. TENNANT SMITH.
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ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL ADMIXTURES SUCH AS KOLA, MALT, HOPS, &c.
THE LANCET (May 27th, 1899) says: "The statement that Cadbury's Cocoa is an absolutely pure article cannot be controverted in view of the results of analysis which, in our hands, this excellent article of food has yielded."
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Please send for Sample Tin, sufficient to make a pint, post free, 6d.

For Breakfast or Tea— PÂTÉS, CAMP PIES, POTTED MEATS, SALMON AND SHRIMP PASTE.

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THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

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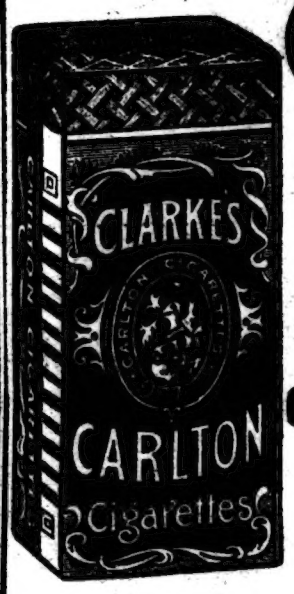

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The description given of the little "MAB" as the finest shaving implement in the world is confirmed in thousands of testimonials. The "MAB" is rapidly superseding the big clumsy razors hitherto used. Do not accept any not bearing the registered Trade Mark, "The MAB," or you will be disappointed. PRICE:

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SPECIAL ADVANTAGE—All Curtains Same Pattern. LOT No. 247.—Containing: 1 pair 4yd. long, 3yd. wide, best quality Curtains for Drawing-room; 2 pairs 3½yd. long, 60in. wide, Dining-room Curtains; 1 pair 3yd. long, 52in. wide, for Bedroom; 1 length Sash Curtaining; Cilluette Lace Table Centre, art shade. Note sent if desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. GIVEN AWAY with each Parcel, 6 Lace Covers for Toilet Table, fringed, one 45in. long with 5 smaller. 1900 Price List (post free) of Lace Curtains, Madras Muslins, Lace-edged Roller Blinds in every variety. Also Hosiery, "Stand Hard Wear," factory prices. Prize Medals—Chicago, Toronto. Est. 1857.

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Monthly £3 10 14/6 £10 10s. 17/6 £12 12/- £13 13s. 21/- £15 15s. 25/- £18 18s. 30/- Write for New Rest-for-Life Cycles. J. W. N. G. Cycles and Accessories (over 100 pages) sent Post Free. Hetherley Hard Wood Cycle Stand 2/6; Handlicker Basket, 1/-.

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Every man suffering from Varicocele and the allied troubles should send for Treatise, describing their Causes, Symptoms, Results, and Successful and Painless Treatment, without surgical operation, or the use of cumbersome trusses and electrical appliances. Will be sent sealed, post free, three stamps.

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You are not asked to spend any money to test whether my remedy does or does not cure Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, &c. All you are asked to do is to send for a FREE bottle of medicine and to try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result. A Valuable and Safe Remedy. Approved by the Medical Profession.

H. G. ROOT, 48, Endsleigh Gdns, LONDON.

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Any Chemist or Stores can get it for you. 1- per packet of 12 doses. Send stamped envelope for Free Sample.

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Make your own Cigarette, Sir; it is twice as good.

Cigarette Paper A.G. Best Purest

LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

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I was for years; by chance I came across a simple home remedy that reduced me from 17st. to 10st. 12lbs., and I will willingly send particulars free to any sufferer enclosing stamp.—MRS. T. E. FELL, 168 Oxford Street, London, W.

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COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Shirts, Fine quality Long Cloth, 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per doz. (to measure 2/- extra).

"Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—Ladies' Journal.

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Distance no object. An extra pair of West End Trousers or a pair of Flannel Trousers or a pair of Cycling Knickers

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From this date until SAT., JUNE 9th, ONLY, WE WILL PRESENT, FREE of any extra charge whatever, to every purchaser of one of our famous suits, at 27/6 or 32/6 to measure, in the latest West End styles, either an extra pair of Trousers, a pair of Cycling Knickers, or a pair of Flannel Cricketing or Rowing Trousers (white or grey). We are an old-established West End firm, with a reputation to maintain, and are making these Gifts as an Advertisement. We are world-famous for

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West End Cut, Fit, and Style Guaranteed. Hundreds of repeat orders daily. Money returned if not satisfied. Patterns (which need not be returned) and self-measurement forms, post free the world over.

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HAVE YOU A COLD? DR. MACKENZIE'S

CATARRH CURE

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Immediately Cures COLD IN THE HEAD, INFLUENZA, NERVOUS HEADACHE, or HAY FEVER. Instantly relieves Bronchitis in the most Troublesome and Stubborn. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Prices 1/6 and 2/6. Post free 1/8 and 2/9 from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, Reading, Eng. Further Particulars.

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CURED.—This can be done with or without patient's knowledge. Send me a stamp and I will tell you how. (Send no money.)—Address, in confidence, MRS. E. K. (Room 6), 168 Oxford Street, London, W.

What Experienced Smokers say of

The "MASTA" Pipe

"Being a very wet smoker I cannot enjoy a pipe for long, but since using your 'Masta' I find the difficulty overcome, and can now smoke the pipe of peace in comfort and am recommending it to my friends as being the only patent."—FRED H. FLEMING, 147 Victoria Rd., Leeds. Representative of W. D. & H. O. Wills, Bristol. Dec. 2nd, 1899.

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High-class Riders of High-class Cycles like CLINCHER "A WON" TYRES.

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CAN'T WE PERSUADE YOU TO GIVE NINEPENCE TO THE "FRESH AIR FUND"? NINEPENCE IS REALLY SO MODERATE A SUM TO ASK FOR, BUT IT WILL GIVE A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF HAPPINESS TO A CHILD.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £2,000 Railway Insurance, and the £100 Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, May 11th, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, May 19th, 1900. For full particulars see page 756.

No. 513.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MAY 19, 1900 ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

MANAGER (to actor): "In the new piece you will die in the fifth act. There will be a funeral song for three voices, and, as we have only two singers, you will have to help them out."

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE (to the beggar): "Go away—I will give you nothing."

(At this moment a barrel organ at the corner strikes up.)

The Beggar: "May I at least ask for the pleasure of this waltz, madam?"

DIBBS (facetiously): "This is a picture of my wife's first husband."

Dobbs: "Great snakes! What a brainless looking idiot! But I didn't know your wife was married before she met you?"

Dibbs: "She wasn't. That is a picture of myself at the age of twenty."

A Pretty Big Child.

A CLERGYMAN came up to London to make some purchases.

His wife, amongst other things, had requested him to buy an illuminated text, but in his hurry he omitted to make a note of the one she wanted. He therefore wrote to her, asking for a reply by telegraph to save time.

Imagine the astonishment of the telegraph clerk at receiving the following message:

"Unto us a child is born, three feet long and two feet broad; am fairly well."

TOMMY told a policeman that there was a person in the next street tearing up the pavement. The policeman hastened round the corner, to see a man energetically running after an omnibus.

SHE (in affright): "Oh, Tom, why do you make such awful faces at me?"

He (contritely): "I can't help it, dear. My eyeglasses are falling off, and I don't want to let go of your hands."

YOUNG STONE: "I spoke to the chemist and he advised me that I should——"

Doctor (interrupting): "Oh! he gave you some idiotic advice, I suppose!"

Stone: "He advised me to see you."

MRS. GADDINGTON: "I don't like her at all, dear. She is a deceitful woman. The other day she tried to get me to say something against you."

Mrs. Bubblington: "She did? How?"

Mrs. Gaddington: "Why, she asked me to tell her confidentially what I really thought of you!"

A Question of Kinship.

A GENERAL and his family make the evening dinner a source of mental as well as of physical nutrition, in which exercise the General has usually the best of it by presenting puzzling and difficult problems.

The other evening the youngsters turned the tables upon him by presenting the following legal proposition:

"A French beggar died and left one child—a son—and a considerable estate. The son, in order to inherit the estate, was required to prove a kinship to the deceased. What kinship did he prove?"

The General promptly replied: "The kinship of father and son."

The children said the answer was wrong; the parent was a woman.

This tickled the General, and he decided to pass it along; so the next day, while taking luncheon with a friend, he propounded the following:

"A French beggar woman died and left a son and an estate, and the son, in order to inherit the property, was required to prove kinship to the deceased. What was the kinship between them?"

The friend promptly replied: "Mother and son."

"Well," said the General, "you guess better than I did, for I answered father instead of mother."

All rights reserved.]

Her Little Boy.

"ALWAYS a little boy, to her,"
No matter how old he's grown.
Her eyes are blind to the strands of grey;
She's deaf to his manly tone.
His voice is the same as the day he asked:
"What makes the old cat purr?"
Ever and ever he's just the same—
A little boy, to her.

"Always a little boy, to her,"
She heeds not the lines of care
That furrow his face—to her it is still
As it was in his boyhood, fair.
His hopes and his joys are as dear to her
As they were in his small-boy days.
He never changes; to her he's still
"My little boy," she says.

"Always a little boy, to her,"
And to him she's the mother fair,
With the laughing eyes and the cheering smile
Of the boyhood days back there.
Back there, somewhere in the mist of years—
Back there with the childish joy,
And to her he is never the man we see,
But always "her little boy."

"Always a little boy to her."
The ceaseless march of the years
Goes rapidly by, but its drumbeats die
Ere ever they reach her ears.
The smile that she sees is the smile of youth,
The wrinkles are dimples of joy,
His hair, with its grey, is as sunny as May.
He is always "her little boy."

"I HAVE noticed one significant fact concerning the Boer war," remarked Mr. Gaswell.

"What is that?" asked Mr. Dukane.

"The close connection between the laagers and the neks."

[N.B.—Those who cannot see the joke may have it explained by sending a shilling to the FRESH AIR FUND.—ED.]

CLERK of the Court: "Remember, my good woman, you are on your oath, and must speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Mrs. McCarthy: "Well, thin, out av politeness, I'd have kept it to meself; but if I must spake the whole truth—sure, thin, ye're the ugliest man I've ivver sot eyes on!"

The Surgical Ant.

THE native Brazilian, far removed, as he usually is, from doctors and surgeons, depends upon a little ant to sew up his wounds when he is slashed or scratched.

This odd creature is called the surgical ant, from the use to which it is put.

The ant has two strong nippers on his head. They are his weapons for battle or forage.

When a Brazilian has cut himself, for example, he picks up an ant, presses the nippers against the wound, one on each side, and then gives the insect a squeeze.

The indignant ant snaps its nippers together, piercing the flesh, and bringing the lacerated parts close together. The Brazilian at that moment gives the ant's body a jerk and away it flies, leaving the nippers embedded in the flesh.

Of course, this kills the ant, but it has served its most useful purpose in life.

The operation is repeated with other ants until the wound is sewed up neatly and thoroughly.

"THEO," and her eyes sought the last embers of the dying fire, "you are not kind as a husband should be. You never give me any jewels."

"Jewels!" and his basso voice seemed to come from his heart. "You ask for jewels? Anyone with diamond eyes, ruby lips, and teeth of pearl ask for jewels? Why, the rarest jewels gold could buy would only be superfluous."

Then, for the first time for days, she kissed him.

JONESLEY: "Are you coming to my golden wedding next week?"

Brownkins (indignantly): "Your golden wedding! Why, man, you're not thirty-five."

Jonesley: "No; but I've captured an heiress."

WIFE: "I had to discharge the cook to-day."

Husband: "What for?"

Wife: "Oh, she got too tender-hearted to do her work properly."

Husband: "Is it possible?"

Wife: "Yes; only this morning she refused to beat the eggs or whip the cream."

MRS. TUCKER: "Tommy, what on earth makes you so late?"

Tommy: "Had some words with the teacher, and she kept me in after school."

Mrs. Tucker: "You had words with the teacher?"

Tommy: "Yes'm. I couldn't spell 'em."

Going for a Soldier.

AT a County Court, situated near to a garrison town in the West of England, a few days ago a prisoner was brought up charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with fighting in the street.

He was a tall, well-built, strapping young fellow, but evidently an old offender, for the judge or magistrate, after inflicting a fine, which was paid by a friend of the prisoner's in court, asked him if he had any work to do.

The prisoner replied that he was out of work.

"You seem to be frequently getting into trouble by drinking and fighting," said the judge. "Why don't you go for a soldier?"

"Not me," was the answer. "I did once, your worship, and he very nearly killed me."

"WHAT time will you be home, dear?" asked the young wife as her husband started for town after breakfast.

"Oh! about one t.m.," was the reply.

"You mean one p.m., don't you?" she asked.

"No," replied the heartless wretch, "I mean just what I said—one t.m. to-morrow; see?"

"JAMES," whispered the good woman, "there's a burglar in the parlour. He stumbled against the piano in the dark. I heard several of the keys struck."

"All right!" said James, "I'll go down."

"Oh! James, you're not going to do anything rash?"

"Certainly not. I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can get that piano out of the house without assistance, do you?"

A Dutiful Son.

A GOOD story is going the rounds at one of the Varsities concerning a last year's graduate, a dutiful son, and an industrious student, yet withal a somewhat gay youth.

At the beginning of his last year his father, who was just setting out for the Continent, said to him:

"Now, Harry, you get your degree, and I'll send for you to come over and travel all the summer."

Harry was delighted.

"Father," said he, "I will."

He studied faithfully all the college year, and got his degree with flying colours.

Then he cabled his father:

"Yes."

But the father, alas! had forgotten his impulsive offer. He mused over the message, wondered, and then cabled back:

"Yes, what?"

The son was in turn perplexed, but being a well-trained lad, he did not remain long in the dark, and, fired by duteous zeal, cabled back:

"Yes, sir."

Letters of explanation followed, and he is now making the "grand tour."

The Twentieth Century Begins on January 1st, 1901, and Potchefstroom is the Capital of the Transvaal.

IF IT'S IN P.W., IT'S SO.

TALES OF LLOYD'S.

By J. L. Hornibrook and Lionel Jervis.

V.—A RACE AGAINST DEATH.

"I TRUST, Donaldson," said Schreiber to our friend Kenneth one morning, with as much concern in his tones as he could conveniently manage to throw into them, "that Miss Steele is better. She was looking greatly pulled down when I last saw her, poor girl."

That name, in the mouth of this man Schreiber, was galling to Donaldson. It seemed to him to savour of profanity. He never alluded to the girl himself; in his mind she was something to be set apart, outside his life in the City, too pure, of too tender and sensitive a nature to be dragged into the contaminating atmosphere of Schreiber and Arkwright's offices.

In truth, the influence which Kitty Steele exercised upon him was stronger than ever. In her presence the nobler instincts within him always strove hard for the mastery. More than once, especially since her recent illness—a bad attack of influenza, with a touch of pneumonia following—he had been on the point of cutting himself free from the evil associations of the City.

During the three weeks she was at her worst, Donaldson could scarcely be reckoned a sane man.

Business—Schreiber and Arkwright—his own private affairs even—were cast to the winds.

With parched lips, his throat on fire, remorse, anguish, and despair gnawing at his heart, he hovered about the house where he had found her a home.

Oh, if she should die!—if she should die!

Even when she was convalescent, and lay weak and helpless on her couch in the darkened room, her pretty brown head resting upon the snowy pillows, her face so pale, so sad, and yet so beautiful—it was then that he felt most acutely the pangs of a guilty and reproving conscience. Though she had a welcome smile for him, it could not charm away the remembrance of that dark tragedy in the Eastern Seas, when her uncle, the honest, big hearted old skipper, had fallen a victim to the Malays.

In a corner of the room, mute and moping, sat the imbecile boy, a vague glimmering of something wrong breaking in upon his clouded intellect. And as he looked from one to the other, as he thought of the suffering which he had brought upon these two, Donaldson's heart smote him. More than once he rose abruptly and hurried from the room, leaving Kitty to wonder at the cause of his agitation.

It was two months fully before he returned to business, and even then he entered upon it in a listless, half-hearted sort of way. His interest in the affairs of the firm, in the partners' schemes for money-making, were gone.

Schreiber and Arkwright saw it, and were not a little alarmed thereby. Apart altogether from their anxiety to retain such an extremely capable young man, there was always the off-chance of his turning rusty, and making things decidedly awkward for both. As Schreiber put it to the other worthy:

"He could upset the apple-cart, my friend, any day he liked. And though he would come a cropper himself—and a bad one, too—that would be small consolation for us."

"It is that wretched Steele woman," growled Arkwright, letting himself go for once. "She is the cause of the whole thing. I tell you, Schreiber, we will never be sure of ourselves, much less of him, while she is to the fore. I almost wish——"

He broke off abruptly, as if afraid of venturing too far. But he need not have concerned himself on that score; Schreiber understood the unspoken wish, and heartily concurred in it. He, too, plainly saw that Miss Kitty Steele was an obstacle, and an obstacle over which they were very likely to trip one of these days.

It was a matter, therefore, which called for immediate and serious consideration. For this purpose the partners laid other business affairs aside for the moment, and put their heads together over the question of Miss Kitty Steele.

Perhaps it was as an outcome of their cogitations that Schreiber spoke of the girl to Donaldson on this particular morning. The allusion brought a flush of indignation and annoyance to Kenneth's cheek.

"Yes, she is better, thank you," he answered coldly, plainly intimating by his manner that the subject was one which he did not care to pursue.

But Schreiber, though he saw this clearly enough, was not to be lightly turned from his purpose.

"She requires change, I think," he said, as if he took a fatherly interest in the girl's welfare. "A sea trip, now—nothing like that for picking one up after an illness."

"I have told her so often myself," replied Donaldson.

"Then why doesn't she try it?"

"You forget," murmured Kenneth, turning away his head. "The sea has not very pleasant associations for her. Her last voyage——"

"Ah, to be sure—to be sure. A very natural repugnance, Still, for health's sake, she ought to endeavour to overcome it."

"She will do so, too, I fancy. I have got her to promise that she will try the effects of a voyage if she doesn't pick up shortly."

"A very wise resolution," acquiesced Schreiber; and there the matter dropped.

That same evening, however, when the two partners were alone together, the above conversation formed the subject of their discourse. They saw their way more clearly now; no doubt the girl could be prevailed upon to undertake a sea voyage if a passage were provided for her.

But Donaldson? Ah, there was the difficulty. As well might they try to rob a bear of its whelps as get the girl away when he was by. Not only would the attempt fail; but it might prove distinctly dangerous.

It so happened that one of their North Atlantic boats, homeward-bound from Quebec, had run ashore at Berehaven, on the South Coast of Ireland, and was in danger of becoming a total wreck. They wanted someone to represent them on the spot, and superintend the salvage arrangements. What better man could they have than Donaldson?

Of course the place was a bit out of the way. A letter, for instance, would take some little time to get there—the best part of two days probably. And then, even if a person were to hurry back—why, it couldn't be done in a moment. Decidedly, Donaldson was the man to send across.

When he arrived at the office next morning, they appeared greatly concerned about their stranded vessel. The cargo was being looted, they heard—the ship's boats stolen—things pilfered right and left. It was absolutely necessary that they should have a representative over there. Would Donaldson go? They put it to him almost in the light of a personal favour.

He consented, went to take leave of Kitty Steele, packed up his traps, and was off to Ireland by the night mail.

Once he was out of the way—and likely to be detained, too, for a couple of weeks—Schreiber and Arkwright set themselves to cultivate the acquaintance of Miss Kitty Steele. Choice fruit, hothouse flowers, and delicacies of all kinds were lavished upon her. One or other of the precious pair frequently called, too, and anxiously inquired after her health.

Schreiber she shrank from at first, with an instinctive feeling of distrust. But he was so considerate apparently, so solicitous regarding her wan cheeks and general debility, that this impression wore off to a great extent. Arkwright, however, with his cadaverous countenance and solemn, pompous manner, she cordially detested.

One evening Schreiber turned up with a good-will offering in the shape of a handsome bouquet. Having begged her acceptance of it, and tenderly inquired as to her health, he expressed the opinion that she was not even looking quite so well as usual.

"Ah, Miss Steele," he said, persuasively, "you ought to try a sea voyage—you really ought, you know."

"So Mr. Donaldson tells me," replied Kitty. "I have almost made up my mind to it now, for indeed I do not seem to gain much strength."

"And never will, my dear, so long as you remain moping in these rooms. A pleasant little trip in one of the P. & O. boats, now, the cheerful company, the fresh sea breezes, would set you up completely."

"But I must wait until Mr. Donaldson returns," said Kitty, doubtfully.

"Oh, as to that, he may be detained for some time, you know. I had a long talk with him on this very subject before he left, and he appeared most anxious that you should get away as quickly as possible. He begged me," went on Schreiber, unblushingly, "to try and persuade you to take a trip to India during his absence. Now, as it happens, I can secure you a comfortable berth on board the *Adriatic*, which sails the day after to-morrow. Probably you would be back in London before Mr. Donaldson returns. What a pleasant surprise to find you strong and rosy again!"

To Kitty's mind, this prospect was certainly alluring. If it were possible, she would have walked barefoot to India to please Donaldson, and she knew in her heart that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to find her quite restored to health on his return. Schreiber saw that he had made a hit, and was not slow in following it up.

"Just sit down and write him a line saying you are off for a trip to Bombay," he urged. "I will drop it in the post on my way home."

"But my brother?" objected Kitty, still wavering.

"That need not trouble you," rejoined Schreiber. "Mrs. Warrington, the good lady of the house here, will look after him right enough. I will make it my business to see that he is well cared for, and has the best medical advice. And, by the way, that reminds me," he went on, as if suddenly recalling an important point, which he had hitherto overlooked, "though Dr. Foubert, your medical man, assures me that you are strong enough at present to undertake this voyage, it would be better, perhaps, to make quite certain on that score. I have, therefore, arranged with a well-known physician, in whom I have every confidence, to drop in and see you to-morrow. You wouldn't mind a friendly visit of that kind, would you?"

"Not if it were necessary."

"Oh, I don't say it is necessary exactly; more satisfactory—that is all. Two heads are better than one, you know."

So Kitty sat down and wrote a little note to Donaldson, briefly informing him of the contemplated voyage, and not omitting an allusion to Mr. Schreiber's consideration on her behalf. That benevolent gent'eman placed the letter in his pocket and took his departure.

As the Irish mail was well on its way to Holyhead by this time, the note could not reach Donaldson until the vessel had sailed. And yet, on the whole (so ran Schreiber's thoughts) it might be safer, perhaps, if it did not reach him at all. So, instead of posting it in the ordinary way, he posted it down the first sewer grating he passed.

The next day was a busy, and withal a sorrowful one for poor Kitty. Passionately devoted to the blighted lad, who, in some vague sort of way, seemed to be dimly conscious of the coming separation, she felt acutely at leaving him. And Donaldson?—he who had saved them from being thrown upon a cold and pitiless world, who had provided a comfortable home for them, whose love——.

She broke down there, poor girl, and wept silently.

Dr. Harley, the physician whom Schreiber recommended so highly, called during the day, and interviewed her on the question of her health. Upon leaving, he forwarded a certificate to the firm, setting forth that, though Miss Steele was suffering from the effects of a recent illness, there was nothing organically wrong, and that, in his opinion, a voyage to a warm climate ought to prove most beneficial.

The partners, Arkwright especially—for this part of the affair was suggested by him—were well pleased to have this document in their hands. It meant—well, never mind what it meant.

Schreiber went down himself next day to see Miss Steele off, and took a cordial leave of her. After he had gone, Kitty, whose heart was heavy with grief and with a strange foreboding of coming evil, scribbled a tender, sorrowful little pencil-note to Donaldson. The portly stewardess, who had a heart somewhere under her fleshy ribs, was touched by the sweet, sad face of this lonely girl, and readily undertook to see that the letter was posted.

And so, while the *Adriatic* was dropping down the river, while Schreiber and Arkwright were exchanging mutual congratulations on the success which had attended them so far, that little pencil-note had been launched upon its fateful journey.

Berehaven, it may be remarked, is not the most convenient place in the world to get at. Coming from there, you have a drive of a good twenty miles, round the shoulder of Bantry Bay, before you are deposited at the nearest railway station.

But they used to keep a big, raw-boned Irish mare at the Berehaven Hotel for posting purposes, whose speed was to be relied on. More than once she had been matched against time in a matter of life and death, and pulled off the race. In cases of emergency, she could cover the twenty miles to Bantry in an hour and forty-five minutes. That was her record.

On the second morning after the *Adriatic* had sailed from London, just as the early train from West Cork was about to leave Bantry, a car, drawn by a big brown mare, came tearing in towards the town with two very excited men upon it.

As they flew past the last milestone, Donaldson glanced at his watch, and groaned with despair.

"Another mile!" he moaned, in the bitterness of his heart. "Another mile—and only four minutes left!"

"She'll do it, sir!" responded the driver, carried away by the excitement of the race. "She'll do it; I'll eat my hat if she doesn't!"

And she did.

Donaldson flung himself from the car, threw a sovereign to the driver, and was into the station just as the guard's whistle blew.

The mare had broken her record by three minutes—and upon those three minutes the issues of life and death had hung.

At Cork, Kenneth caught the English mail, at midnight he was in Holyhead, and in the early hours of the morning he stepped out of the train at Euston.

He had done the whole journey well under twenty-four hours.

Travel-stained, worn out by a sleepless night, his mind tortured with doubts and fears, he made his way to his rooms. There he passed a few hours, restless, chafing, maddened by the thought that he might have arrived too late to prevent the mischief which he felt sure was contemplated.

It was a significant fact that before he started out for the City, he thrust a revolver into his hip pocket.

He had no very clear notion of what he intended to do; he would beard Schreiber and Arkwright first; then he might see his way more plainly.

In the City, one of the first men he ran across was an underwriter named Pollock, with whom he was on very friendly terms.

"Hullo, Donaldson!" cried the latter. "Where away in such a hurry?"

"To the office," returned Kenneth. "Just got back from Ireland this morning."

"Just got back!" exclaimed the other. "Why, I thought you would certainly have been here three days ago to see Miss Steele off."

"How do you know she has gone?" asked Donaldson, suspiciously.

"I ought to know, my dear boy, seeing that I underwrote a slip for your firm insuring her life for the voyage. Why, what the—where the—Donaldson!—I say Donaldson!"

But Kenneth, with a ghastly face, had broken away from him, and was zig-zagging across the street towards the nearest hansom. Back to his rooms he went as fast as the cab could take him, snatched up his still unpacked portmanteau, and flew down the stairs again.

"Charing Cross!" he cried to the driver as he sprang in. "Double fare if you catch the mid-day Continental train."

Over to Paris, and from there away across Europe went Donaldson, in pursuit of the *Adriatic*. There was just a chance of his catching her at Brindisi; but if he missed her there, if he should arrive even one hour too late, he knew in his heart that he would have seen the last of Kitty Steele.

Fatigued as he already was by his rapid journey from Ireland, this wild rush across the Continent, this race against death, might well have broken him down. But though his endurance was put to a severe test, never once did he pause, day or night, until the train steamed into Milan.

When they were off again down south, and entered upon the long stretch between Parma and Brindisi, Donaldson's feverish anxiety, added to his want of sleep, almost drove him mad. The train seemed to crawl, every minute was fraught with the torture of suspense. His one, his only thought was—would he be in time?

And as this question kept circulating persistently through his mind, the clang of the wheels seemed to give back the answer—"Too late! Too late!"

When the train reached Brindisi at last, it was noticed that an Englishman, heavy-eyed, with a drawn and haggard face, staggered out upon the platform. His first question was regarding the *Adriatic*.

She had not yet arrived!

Then, and not till then, did Donaldson seek the rest of which he stood in such sore need.

Repairing to the nearest hotel, he left instructions that he should be called immediately the P. and O. boat was signalled, reeled off upstairs, and flung himself upon his bed.

For the rest of that day, and all through the night, he slept like a log.

Every copy of HOME NOTES this week will contain the pattern of a really smart cape.

At an early hour in the morning, a deep boom seawards, which he knew could only come from the whistle of a liner, brought him up with a start. Almost at the same moment there was a knock at his door, and the waiter announced that the *Adriatic* was in sight.

No sooner had the big vessel dropped anchor than Donaldson hastened on board. In a few words he explained the circumstances to the captain, begged him to keep the matter secret for the present, and then sought out the ship's doctor.

From the latter he ascertained that Miss Steele had been far from well—was suffering from some mysterious malady, which quite baffled him.

"Is it dangerous?" asked Donaldson, anxiously.

"Well, no," replied the other, "at least not at present. The curious part of it is, though, that Mrs. Blackburn, who shares the cabin with her, displays very much the same symptoms, only in a milder form."

"Has the stewardess discovered anything?"

"Nothing of importance. She told me she had noticed two yellow stains under Miss Steele's pillow, which she is confident were not there when the bed was first made."

"Ask her to look under the pillow to-night before the ladies retire. Meanwhile, Dr. Collis, I should be extremely obliged if you would say nothing to Miss Steele regarding my presence on board. It might only alarm her. I have arranged with the captain to accompany you to Aden in order to investigate this matter."

The doctor readily assented, and for the remainder of the day Donaldson kept out of sight. That evening, however, Dr. Collis beckoned him into his cabin.

"Look at this," he said, displaying a small glycerine-like lozenge, which had already begun to melt in the heat of his hand. "The stewardess has just brought it to me. Found it under Miss Steele's pillow."

"What is it?" asked Kenneth.

"I don't know; but I shall soon find out."

He placed it in a culture tube, and, when subjected to heat, it quickly developed swarms of bacteria. Upon further investigation, however, these proved to be totally unfamiliar to Dr. Collis.

"Very strange," he murmured. "We seem to be as far from the truth as ever. Stop a moment, though," he went on, as if a bright thought had struck him. "We have an eminent Indian surgeon on board, who has made a special study of Eastern diseases. Let us see what he has got to say."

When the great man was called in, he examined the bacteria with the greatest interest. It was plain by his manner that he had made an important discovery.

"Well?" said Dr. Collis, who had watched him closely. "Do you recognise these germs?"

"Yes," replied the other. "They are the bacilli of a mysterious poison known principally to the Malays. If inhaled in small quantities, it produces a low fever; but when regularly administered it becomes cumulative in its effects and death follows."

With this clue to guide them, Donaldson and Dr. Collis determined to keep watch next evening. The latter had managed to get both ladies out of the way, so that the rascal, whoever it was, would find the state-room empty.

Taking up a position, which commanded a view of the passage leading past the ladies' cabins, they waited in anxious suspense.

Presently a tall Malay, who had shipped as a servant to one of the saloon passengers, made his appearance.

He came slowly along the passage, paused mid-way, and glanced around him as if to make sure that the coast was clear.

Suddenly with the quick, gliding motion of a serpent, he darted into Miss Steele's state-room. He was out again in a moment, only to find himself most unexpectedly in Donaldson's clutches.

"Quick, doctor!" cried the latter, "Look under the pillow."

The Malay whipped out a knife; but Donaldson, who could have strangled him on the spot with the greatest of pleasure, contented himself with wrenching the weapon from him, and pinning him to the wall by the throat. In a few seconds Dr. Collis emerged from the state-room.

"Yes; it was there," he said, as he hastened to Kenneth's assistance. "And now we'll just march this rascal off and get the irons on him."

Upon being brought before the captain and questioned, the Malay at first denied everything. But a few judicious hints as to what might ensue if he persisted in remaining silent, brought him to his senses speedily enough.

He went so far as to confess that he had been bribed to do away with the young lady in this manner by some "peoples" in London, whose names he conveniently forgot. Further pressure, however, elicited the fact that the "peoples" were none other than our old friends Schreiber and Arkwright.

Satisfied upon this point, Donaldson went off to look for Kitty Steele. He found her sitting alone on deck, sad, pensive, and despondent.

The moment she caught sight of him she started up with a glad cry, and hastened towards him.

The look of relief, of intense joy—of love, if the truth must be told—in her face was too much for Kenneth.

On the impulse of the moment he opened his arms, and clasped her to his breast.

"My darling," he murmured, as he bent over her; "my poor, suffering darling—I was only just in time to save you."

(*Next week:* **THE COLLAPSE OF SCHREIBER AND ARKWRIGHT.**)

Articles against Atheism and Infidelity, by the Rev. A. J. Waldron, the popular and eloquent lecturer of the Christian Evidence Society, will begin in THE SUNDAY READER, June 9th. Order a copy for this date of your newsagent.

NEW AND STRANGE.

AN American firm of beet-sugar syrup makers has adopted a novel method of transporting the product from the works to the warehouse. The syrup is run through an underground pipe, twenty-five miles long, just like water or kerosene.

A NOVEL and curious test for deafness or approaching deafness has just been described by a Paris specialist. If the handle of a vibrating tuning-fork be applied to the knee or other bony portion of the human frame, the sound cannot be heard by the person who possesses an unimpaired ear, but if the ear be attacked by disease, then the note can be heard distinctly.

THE prospects of agriculture and horticulture are to be brightened by spiders if we may judge by what is being done on the Continent at the present time. Spiders destroy a number of insects which attack either the blossom or the ripened fruit, and by cultivating and encouraging the spider, farmers and gardeners declare that they are saving a great deal of money.

A NEW way to destroy rats on board ship is to fill the bilges with carbonic acid gas contained in cylinders. As the gas has no odour, the rats do not perceive that it is being released from the tubes; and another advantage is that it causes no harm to the vessel or the contents of the hold. This method was discovered by finding a number of dead rats near a cask of fermenting molasses.

NAILS of hardened rubber, first made in Germany, are being introduced with marked success in this country. They can be driven in by a hammer and used just like metal nails, and they have the advantages of being non-conductors of electricity. They are therefore valuable in electrical engineering work, as well as in other trades. Staples and other holdfasts are also made of this material, which is exceedingly durable.

COPPER-STEEL—or, more correctly, coppered steel—is being tested for use in ship-building and other purposes. A layer of copper is rolled on the exterior surface of the steel, and practically becomes incorporated with it; the result is a metal capable of resisting the action of the weather and rust, and having the hardness of steel. A model vessel, which has been towed about during the past few months is as good as when first placed in the water.

ONE of the most novel reasons ever advanced by the instigators of a strike was that put forward in connection with a strike of stokers now in progress at Valencia. The tobacco duties have been increased to assist in meeting the demands upon the national exchequer, so the stokers showed their disapproval by refusing to work for two months. When they resume work they will be much poorer and will still have to pay the increased price for their tobacco.

A NEW French armoured train has just been fitted up at Rennes Arsenal. The train is forty-nine yards long and armed at each end with a sort of iron spur; the carriages are cylindrical, and fit into one another, and the engine is conical in shape. The train looks like a huge metal cigar when stationary, but when it is winding round a curb it resembles a great snake, for the carriages undulate like the scales of the reptile. The train can get up a speed of forty-eight miles an hour.

THE American Senate stands a chance of having a woman among its members. There is at present no representative in that august body for the State of Utah, and there is a movement among the people of that State to send Mrs. Mattie Hughes Cannon to Washington as a "Senatrix." The State of Utah is one of the three which admits women to its own legislative council, and according to a high authority there is nothing in the American constitution against the admission of a lady Senator. Mrs. Cannon is a firm believer in the early tenets of Mormonism.

THERE are certain circumstances in which it might be desirable or necessary to keep bread for a long period of time, and an ingenious gentleman has devised a means of effecting this. His process is to bake the bread at a high temperature and then allow it to cool until it falls to 90 degrees Fahr. Each loaf is then wrapped in an air-tight and waterproof cover before its temperature has fallen as low as that of the surrounding atmosphere; the edges of the wrapper are closed and secured upon the loaf. In this way the bread is preserved in an eatable condition for months, and the wrapper is sufficiently transparent to enable anyone to see that it contains a loaf.

THE luxury of a razor that is always sharp is one for which every shaver is continually sighing. He may now have that luxury at a very little trouble and expense by purchasing the "Pretoria" Razor Stropping Machine, placed on the market by G. F. Barnett, of 8 City Road, London, E.C. All you have to do is to place your razor in position between the two rollers and give two or three turns with the handle. You need not be afraid that you will not hold the razor properly, the machine does all that. Even the most inexperienced man can rely upon always having a sharp razor if he uses this machine, and the razor itself will last for years. As for the machine, that will last a life time, and is well worth the half guinea it costs.

HOW TO FORM A RIFLE CLUB.

IT WILL COST VERY LITTLE, AND WILL MEAN A LOT OF FUN.

THERE are few men who would care to, single-handed, undertake the formation of a rifle club simply because they feel that it would be a good thing for the British nation at large.

The risk of being looked upon either as an officious individual, or as a man with some deep-laid scheme for making money out of the club in some way or other, is too great to encourage success.

Therefore, I do not advocate the organisation of such a club by one individual, but rather by a committee of three or four persons who can well divide amongst them what little responsibility actually does exist.

If you personally feel that you would like to become a member of a rifle club, and there is no club of the kind within a reasonable distance of your home, the best thing for you to do would be to speak to two or three of your cronies on the subject, and get their opinions.

Then, if you fully decide to organise a club, you should ascertain first of all whether it would be possible to make use of the existing Morris Tube ranges of your local Volunteer corps. To do this, the commanding officer should be communicated with and permission asked.

If he is sufficiently interested in the movement to courteously allow you to use the range and the rifles two or three nights a week—when they are not required by the Volunteers—you could arrange to pay the musketry instructor a nominal sum weekly—or a lump sum down—to instruct your members in the use of the weapons and to keep them clean. Five shillings a week, or £5 down, ought to satisfy him.

Having settled this to your committee's satisfaction, you should each of you invite your friends to join, and they in turn could introduce their friends. Each name, however, should be submitted to the committee, and approved by them. In this way you will considerably lessen the risk of getting undesirable members who would be likely to abuse their privileges.

The subscription need not exceed 5s. for the season—for a club of thirty members. This money would be paid out for thirty weeks to the musketry instructor. That would be absolutely all the expenses necessary—except, of course, for ammunition, which works out at about twopence for seven rounds—not at all an exorbitant price. If the club numbers fifty or eighty members the subscription could be much less.

Having got so far, you naturally will want a little incentive to practice. This could be found in pools. Each member present at the ranges at a given time could put 3d. or 6d. into a common pool, and the man who makes the highest score scoops the pool.

Again, there are, in every town, philanthropic individuals who would gladly offer a money prize of £5 or £10, or a small cup or set of spoons to be shot for two or three times in the summer months; or you could shoot off matches with neighbouring clubs organised on the same plan.

The existence of a small committee is necessary to decide disputes (if any should unhappily arise), and to expel any member who wilfully misbehaves himself. Moreover, the arrangement of details for competitions, and for matches with other clubs could rest with them. One of their number should be appointed honorary secretary and treasurer, and they should appoint a captain.

Should there be any surplus funds, these could either be given in prizes or spent in printing a small book of rules and a list of members.

As an encouragement to good shooting, I shall be pleased from time to time to give small prizes in the way of books, penknives, pencil-cases, or stereoscopes to the committee of any club which I feel justifies this action. In return I would ask that the names of all such clubs be the "Pearson's Rifle Club." These prizes will be given only to clubs so named. It does not matter how many clubs bear the title so long as the name of the town or village appears in it to save confusion. For example, "Pearson's Runcorn Rifle Club," would not be confused with "Pearson's Croydon Rifle Club." There are possibly already many rifle clubs named after the towns in which they have their being, and this method of nomenclature I suggest would at once identify the club with its aims and objects.

Any proposed club wishing to bear this title should notify the fact of its formation to me, and have its name entered in the books which are kept at the headquarters of Pearson's Rifle Clubs.

When the club is actually formed, the letter of permission received from the commanding officer, or adjutant, whose Morris tube range the members will use, should be sent to this office. It will then be returned together with a certificate authorising the secretary of the club to apply here for prizes to be distributed amongst winners in competitions.

When there are a sufficient number of Pearson's Rifle Clubs formed, I shall be pleased to put each club in communication with the others, so that shooting matches may be arranged between them, and shall be pleased to carry out my already-made promise to give a Silver Challenge Shield to the best shooting club.

Finally, I shall be pleased to send anyone who feels sufficiently interested in the matter to drop a post-card to the Secretary of Pearson's Rifle Clubs, suggestions for sets of rules and other printed matter which may help him to organise a club.

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Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

5031. Where is the Rarest Bird in Existence Found?

In New Zealand a gigantic rail, known as the purple gallinule, supposed to be extinct, as it had not been seen since a specimen was killed near Lake Te Anau as long ago as 1879, was found in 1898 to be still represented by at least one specimen then captured, and in the possession of Dr. Young, of Invercargill. In Annam there is a species of pheasant, also now extremely scarce. Its brilliant plumage is utilised as a special decoration for the mandarins, and is so difficult to procure that a single dead bird is worth £80 to £100, whilst one living is almost unprocurable at any price. The heath hen is now limited to an area of about forty square miles on the island of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, and no specimen of the pied duck of Labrador has been obtained since 1852. Other disappearing birds are the horned screamer from the jungles of South America, and a paroquet, which is confined to the Mascarene Islands in the Indian Ocean, where in recent times many species have dropped completely out of existence. The Carolina paroquet and the owl parrot of New Zealand are becoming rare in the only districts in which they are found, and the Californian vulture seems threatened with speedy extermination.

5032. Which Part of the Human Body is Most Sensitive to Touch?

The tip of the tongue possesses the most perfect sense of touch. The finest hair is felt upon its surface, and even when fingers fail to ascertain the qualities of certain bodies, contact with the tongue immediately recognises them. The relative sensibility of various parts of the body is best measured by means of a pair of compasses, the points of which are tipped with cork. The tip of the tongue can distinguish two distinct impressions when the compass-points are only half a line, or the twelfth of an inch, apart, the tip of the finger when they are one line apart. Other spots vary still more widely; this distance at the lips is two lines; the tip of the nose, three lines; the cheek five lines; palm of the hand, five lines; forehead, ten lines; back of the hand, fourteen lines; chest, twenty lines; back and thigh, thirty lines. If, however, this experiment is repeated with a pair of compasses capable by slight pressure of pricking, it will be found that there is no corresponding difference between the parts in their sensibility to pain. On the contrary; in places where the sense of touch is most keen, the sense of pain is in the first instance at least deadened, and the parts most callous in discriminating the double touching points are by no means the least alive to the sensation excited by their pressure. The tip of the tongue has fifty times the tactile discrimination of the arm; but the arm is more sensitive to a sharp point, applied with moderate pressure to the skin, than either the tongue or the finger, and is at least as alive to the presence of a very light body, a hair, or feather, drawn along the surface. Curiously enough, the right hand, which is more sensitive to touch than the left, is less sensitive to temperature. If the two hands are dipped in two basins of water at the same temperature, the left hand will feel the greater sensation of heat.

5033. What was Hock-Tide?

Hock-tide, or Hoke-tide, called also, according to some London parish registers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Hog-tide, was a popular anniversary celebrated by our forefathers a fortnight after Easter. On the Monday it was the custom for men to go out into the streets and roads, and there to stop and bind with cords any of the other sex whom they might meet, so holding them till they purchased their liberty by a small payment, known as Hock-money. On the Tuesday, which was considered the principal day, it was the women's turn to deal in like manner with the men. This curious practice can be traced as far back as the thirteenth century, and it seems to have been common to all parts of England. At Coventry a play or pageant was produced, known as "the old Coventry Play of Hock-Tuesday," in which the battle-tide was turned against the Danes by the arrival on the field of Saxon women to support their countrymen. The old-world town of Hungerford, Berks, still annually celebrates Hock-tide. The high constable, assisted by a portreeve, bailiff, ale-tasters, and tutti-men, opens the festival with a macaroni supper at the John o' Gaunt Hotel on Monday in the second week after Easter. On Tuesday—Hocking Day—several picturesque customs are observed, including the blowing of the old horn presented to the town by John of Gaunt, and the house-to-house visitation of the tutti-men—so called from the tutties, or posies of flowers, tied to their long poles—who, according to usage, give an orange to each person in the house, and demand a coin from the men and a kiss from the women, during their progress through the town.

5034. What Town has been Besieged for the Longest Time?

The longest siege recorded in history was that of Azoth, which was invested by Psammetichus the Powerful, and held out, according to Herodotus, for twenty-nine years. Next to this comes the siege of Candia (Crete). The Turks made their first appearance in the island in June, 1645, when they landed a large army, variously estimated at from 74,000 to 150,000 men. Gradually the whole island was in their hands, with the single exception of Candia, the capital, a well fortified city, which held out, and it was not till it had been attacked off and on for twenty-four years that it capitulated. On September 3rd, 1669, the town surrendered to the Turkish Vizier, after a siege which is estimated to have cost the lives of 40,000 Christians and nearly 120,000 Turks. The longest important siege of modern times was that of Gibraltar, when the Rock was held by a British garrison under General Elliot, against the combined efforts of the Spaniards and French, for three years seven months and twelve days (1779-83). Troy is reputed to have held out from 1194 to 1183 B.C., but the dates are very doubtful. During the Middle Ages the siege of Acre by the Crusaders, which lasted two years and ended with its capture by Richard I. on July 12th, 1191, was distinguished by its length, as well as by its losses, six archbishops, twelve bishops, forty earls, 500 barons, and 300,000 men perishing in the course of it. The siege of Richmond, during the American Civil War, lasted for 1,485 days, ending in its evacuation by the Confederates on April 2nd, 1865.

5035. Why is it that if the Light from the Sun Passes through a Hole of any Shape and Falls upon a Surface behind the Hole, the Space Illuminated is always Circular and not of the Shape of the Hole?

This is true only if the hole is very small. The explanation is the same as when a picture of an external landscape is formed upon a screen placed opposite a minute aperture in the shutter of a darkened room. Every point in the landscape sends out rays of light in all directions, but, owing to the smallness of the hole, only one set of rays from each point can enter the room, and a distinct image of the landscape is thus formed upon the screen. It is the same with the image of the sun, which, being spherical, can only form a circular picture of itself. The shape of the hole is of no consequence, because the rays direct from the sun produce the circular spot, all other light entering the aperture being merely reflected from the sky, and causing no perceptible effect. Fine images are sometimes thus formed by the chinks of a venetian blind, especially when the sun is low, and there is a white wall opposite to receive the light, the images being so distinct as to display the solar spots, or the progress of an eclipse. The beautiful dappled effect produced by rays shining through the foliage of a tree is explained in the same way; the spots of light formed upon the ground are always round or oval, whatever the shape of the apertures between the leaves, provided that these openings are small enough.

5036. In which Sea does the Largest Number of Wrecks Occur?

In the North Atlantic; not only because it is the most frequented ocean, but also because it contains more dangerous places than any other equal space of water on the globe. Amongst these points of peril may be indicated Ushant, where the *Drummond Castle* and many other fine vessels have been lost; the treacherous Spanish coast from Finisterre southwards, where H.M.S. *Serpent* and countless other ships have been cast away when they fancied themselves in security; the Scilly Islands, where wrecks beyond reckoning have occurred, both before and since Admiral Shovel went ashore with his fleet and was drowned in 1707; and, on the other side, the stormy coasts of Newfoundland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, as well as the "vexed Bermudas." When to these dangers are added the gales, fogs and icebergs prevalent during certain seasons, it is not surprising that the average of wrecks is higher in the North Atlantic than in any other sea, and that insurance premiums are higher for risks on it than elsewhere. Twelve large steamers with over 3,000 lives, and a value approaching a million sterling, were lost in these waters in February 1899 alone.

5037. Why were Suicides Formerly Buried at Cross Roads?

It has been suggested that suicides were buried at cross-roads because it was usual to erect a cross at such places. Those who were excluded from holy rites were buried there as the place next in sanctity to consecrated ground. It was an old superstition that the devil danced at cross roads, and that the erection of a cross thereat would prevent such unseemly practices. From this or some other superstition, such as the fear that his ghost might walk the earth, arose the custom of driving a stake through the suicide's body. These plausible theories have gained many advocates, but it is more likely that burial at cross roads was intended as a mark of indignity. The temples, or rather altars, of the heathen Teutons, were mostly at the junction of cross roads. The place of execution was there and criminals were sacrificed to the gods; hence suicides were buried at the cross roads to give as strong an impression as possible of heathen burial. Probably, too, the publicity of such a spot, which ensured the fact that a great number of people would become directly aware of the degrading consequences of the crime, had a good deal to do with its selection. A curious fact in this connection is to be found in Plato's Laws (book ix. c. 12). The murderer of any of his near kin, after being put to death, was "cast out of the city, naked, in an appointed place where three roads meet; and let all the magistrates, in behalf of the whole state, carry each a stone, and hurl it at the head of the dead body." The last burial of a suicide at cross roads took place at the junction of Eaton Street, Grosvenor Place, and King's Road in June, 1823.

5038. When does a Prince of Wales become of Age?

On attaining his eighteenth birthday. Thus the present Prince of Wales, who was born on November 9th, 1841, became of age, and therefore legally heir to the Crown, on November 9th, 1859. Chief among the letters he received on that day was one from the Queen announcing his future freedom from parental control. The famous diarist, Charles Greville, refers to this episode as one of the most admirable letters that was ever penned, and it so touched the Prince that tears stood in his eyes as he gave it to General Wellesley to read. As the eldest son of the sovereign, the Prince became Duke of Cornwall at birth, and entitled to the revenues of the duchy, amounting to over £60,000 a year. Before he was four weeks old he was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester by Royal patent, as the former of these titles is not hereditary, but is subject to fresh creation for each holder of the title.

QUESTIONS.

5061. Is there any body of water which consists of fresh water with fresh-water fish in it above, and salt water with salt-water fish below?
5062. What investment made fifty years ago would be most profitable at the present time?
5063. Have any other birds than pigeons been commonly used in this country to carry messages?
5064. When were arrangements first made between different countries for the extradition of criminals?
5065. Which nation first used stone pavements for the side walks in streets?
5066. Is there any definite correspondence between the complexion and the general cast of the features?
5067. Which nation or race shows the smallest proportion of persons mentally diseased?
5068. At what period in the history of this country were horses not valuable?
5069. Within how recent a period have guides been necessary for travellers in the country parts of England?
5070. Which was the first instance of a Zoological Garden?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

MRS. HIGHTONE: "Which of these ancestors are yours, and which are your husband's?"

Mrs. Newrich: "Oh, it's a funny thing about those ancestors. The decorators got 'em mixed while hanging 'em, and we couldn't tell t'other from which, so we put the whole lot together and called 'em our ancestors."

"WHERE's that music Dolly was playing this morning?" asked Mr. Parvenu.

"On the piano," answered his wife. "What do you want with it?"

"I'm going to improve it. I got Dolly to show me the marks that meant 'repeat,' and I'm going to take this eraser and rub 'em out."

CUSTOM OFFICER: "Miss, you will have to let me know what that blue trunk contains."

Miss Triller: "Oh, nonsense!"

Custom Officer: "But I demand in the name of the law."

Miss Triller: "Well, didn't I just tell you the trunk contains nonsense? It is packed with love letters I received all over Europe."

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"Women who look young." See this week's HOME NOTES.

THE CRAZE FOR CRAMMING.

THE FOLLY OF EXAMINATIONS, AND THE HARM THEY DO.

IF there is one thing which differentiates this present age from preceding ones in respect to education, it is the terrible craze which seems to have dominated everybody for examinations, and for the results of such being taken as infallible guides as to the prospective future success in life of the unlucky examinees.

Do we, as a nation, do too much at the examining business? Many competent judges are beginning to express their opinions that there is no doubt we do. Let us look at a few statistics and facts about these examinations which overrun the land, and perhaps we shall be better able to judge for ourselves. Turning to the Universities, we may care to call to mind that, roughly speaking, there are in residence at Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, and Dublin, with the Scotch universities added, not fewer than from thirteen to fourteen thousand students, and that these must, of necessity, take at least one examiation a year each.

Then nearly five thousand students enter every year for the London University Matriculation exam., and probably a couple of thousand for the various degree exams. So that we are putting the case very lightly when we state that the various university examinations each year have a total of at least twenty-one thousand candidates of some sort or another!

Then there comes that terrible bugbear, the Civil Service exam. A very elaborate search amongst reams of sheets would no doubt tell how many thousands go in for the different exams. of the Civil Service. But a far more potent fact to be noted regarding these exams. is this: The degree exams. of the Universities do give every candidate who can satisfy the examiners a chance of gaining his ambition, but the C.S. exams. are remorseless; like the will-o'-the-wisp, they lure to deceive. Take a true instance.

At two exams., in 1897 and 1898, for the Inland Revenue vacancies, there sat no fewer than 1,939 candidates, and they were competing for 170 vacancies! What about the 1,769 that did not get into the coveted places? Where did the good of all their study and their examination come in?

Then look at the University Local exams. Now, every school of any standing amongst secondary schools is expected to go in for them, more or less. Six thousand is not by any means an abnormal number of boys and girls who undergo the annual torture of them. What for? To gain a certificate of merit—more or less "merit," often "less." And what good is it all afterwards that Joseph Henry can show his children in later years that he got this certificate for "History, Geography, and Arithmetic" when they simply laugh because he has forgotten—if he ever knew!—every single thing about the subjects in which this precious certificate says he passed?

"Payment by results" has, in State schools, been deservedly relegated to obscurity; but the "examination" still survives, and each year hungry boys and girls, who would do better with a good square meal, are dressed-up and washed nice and clean, so as to be ready for the "annual visit of Her Majesty's Inspector."

And when he arrives, he proceeds to question pale-faced lads of eight or nine (who have never been beyond the dirty streets of Bristol, Sheffield, Manchester, or Leeds in their lives) as to the state of agriculture in the valley of the Ganges, or the name of some new-founded settlement in Central Australia, where only five white men yet live.

What does it matter to the lad who has to go at six o'clock a.m. to the mill and work there for ten hours a day, on and off, whether "but" can be made into a preposition or adverb or not, if learning this implies his wearing out his little brain and worrying himself to death about it at nine years old, lest the teacher should give him a "good hiding," (after H.M.Inspector has disappeared) for "not knowing?"

Hundreds of thousands of students turn up every year to be examined by the Science and Art folks at South Kensington, on every point of Science and Art under the sun.

If they "pass"—whatever that is—they get a little piece of cardboard saying so; if not, they join the immense ranks of the disappointed who are sneered at and looked down upon by others through life because they could not "pass." And the measure of all this "passing" has been well-expressed by an eminent professor who declares that there is no more dangerous "scientist" walking about to-day than the man who shows you proudly that piece of pasteboard which he got when he "passed" the "first stage"—and stopped there, believing he knew all that was to be learnt about Science.

If we want an officer to lead our troops against the foe, we cannot appoint him if he has not read Juvenal or Terence in the original Latin, however good a soldier he may otherwise be; if we want an Admiral, woe to the jolly sailor, however capable, who tries to rise to that post unless he can reckon out the cost of papering a room fifteen and five-eights of a foot in width by fourteen and two-sevenths of a foot in length with white paper, measuring eighteen inches wide and costing one shilling and a penny three-farthings a foot!

After the Struggle.

Two rivals tried to win her hand—
She said them nay,
But bade them prove their mettle, and
Return some day,
"When you have gone and done your best,
Come back to me,
And I between you then will choose—
I'll give my hand unto him whose
I fain would be."

One went to war, and fought and bled
In many frays;
His fame was widely heralded,
Great was his praise.
The other went in search of wealth,
He toiled and planned.
With honour for his stepping-stone
He rose until his name was known
Through all the land.

Upon a day they bent their ways
Back whence they came;
One with his wealth, one with his bays,
Their breasts aflame.
But neither won the lady's hand.
A titled cad
Had got her while they were away,
And, being men who knew things, they
Were glad he had.

"YOU have looked upon my face for the last time," he resolutely declared, as he put on his hat.

"What are you going to do?" she cried; "grow a beard?"

QUERICUS: "Let's see; the married men all have better halves, don't they?"

Cynicus: "Yes."

Querious: "Then what do the bachelors have?"

Cynicus: "Better quarters."

"I SUPPOSE," said Mrs. Sharp, her voice rising to a shrill falsetto, "you would justify the use of the dum-dum bullet in the war in Africa? It would be just like you!"

"I'd as soon be dumdumbed to death," replied her long-suffering husband, "as be talk-talked to death."

He Just "Hit" It.

IT was a long play, as the audience was beginning to realise.

It was nearly midnight when the curtain was rung up, discovering the actor sitting wearily at a table. Somehow his appearance, instead of occasioning applause, created an under-current of sympathy.

All was stillness; he had not yet spoken.

At last someone in the audience ventured to express the sentiment of the house.

"I hope we're not keeping you up, sir," he suggested kindly.

"JANE, did you break this valuable china plate?"

"Yes'm. You were taken in over that plate, mum. It's a weak 'un. It broke the fourth time I dropped it!"

VILLAGE MINISTER (to crofter's wife): "Well, Kirstie, how's your husband, to-day?"

Kirstie: "He's just like yersel'. He has plenty to dae, but he winna dae it."

"DID you say that you have given up smoking to please your wife?"

"Yes," replied the intensely selfish citizen; "it was no use. I tried every brand of tobacco in a pipe, and bought every kind of cigar. But there was no way of smoking to please her, so I went back to my original plan of pleasing myself."

More Than She Could Bear.

"I AM sorry to learn that you are so ill that you cannot possibly be in your accustomed place to-morrow morning, Miss Hicks," said the minister's wife condolingly, "and I have hurried over to say that you need not feel the slightest uneasiness about the solo you were to sing in the opening anthem. Dr. Webster and the choir have arranged that Miss Stark shall take the part, and——"

"What?"

The popular soprano of Rev. Dr. Webster's church choir sat bolt upright in bed.

"What?" she screamed. "That old maid with the cracked voice trying to sing my solo! Never!"

With one hand she tore the bandages off her head with the other she swept the medicines from the little table to the floor and then kicked down the coverlet.

"Tell Dr. Webster and the others," she said in a voice that rang through the house like the silvery tones of a bell, "to notify Miss Stark that she needn't murder that solo. I'll be there."

PEOPLE WHO ARE AFRAID TO TAKE A HOLIDAY.

THEY CERTAINLY WON'T GO IN FOR OUR FREE FORTNIGHT.

"HOLIDAY!" said the man sadly, "I am afraid to take one."

"Afraid!" asked *P.W.* "What on earth do you mean?"

The man's pale face seemed to assume even a greater pallor.

"What I say," he answered. "You see I am the chief book-keeper at Messrs. Brown, the great merchants. The correct supervision of the ledgers of a firm such as theirs entails an enormous amount of work; not work, mark you, that you can take up one moment, and lay down the next, but that requires unflagging, concentrated attention. What is the result? I go about in deadly fear of some tremendous mistake having crept into my accounts, so much so that that fear has become part and parcel of my life. I positively dare not go away for more than a few days at a time, for fear lest my work may have to be handed over to another to do in my absence, and he may discover the presence of a serious blunder that may mean the loss of some thousands of pounds to my firm and my situation to myself." And the wretched man crept wearily away.

The man's remark set *P.W.* thinking. Here was a new kind of being, a man who was actually afraid to take a holiday. His was a case that could not be unique. Others there must be then, that preferred work to play.

There was, of course, the man at Dartmoor or Portland, "doing time." But then he, poor wretch! couldn't take a holiday even if he wanted to, or would he come under the heading of a man whose life was one long, dull, enforced holiday? From the cracksman's point of view this surmise was probably correct.

However, as luck would have it, *P.W.* was destined to meet shortly afterwards another instance of this peculiar class of personages. Cautiously the question was put:

"Where are you going for your holiday?"

"Nowhere," he answered curtly.

I expressed surprise. This warmed the man to his subject.

"I'll tell you why," he said. "I have a very good berth in a good firm, who have only one fault, they will only allow us a fortnight's holiday in the year. Now, a fortnight's holiday is worse than no vacation from work at all. It is only after the expiration of some fourteen or fifteen days that a man begins—begins, mark you—to take any benefit from his change. So that if I take a fortnight's holiday I come back no better than when I started. Why waste money uselessly, then? Mind you, too, that theory isn't my own. I have it on the highest medical authority. Therefore I don't take a holiday."

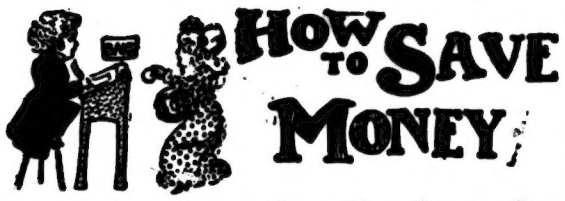
There is another variety of man, investigation showed, who, if not from the point of view of the medical faddist, had, at any rate from his own particular point, as good, if not better, grounds for alarm at the idea of a holiday. This is the man over whose head the sword of Damocles—Debt—hangs. So long as he sits tight—to use a vulgar phrase—his creditors, who are watching him lynx-eyed, defer showing their claws. But so soon as they detect signs of his going away, they close in on him, thinking either that he is about to try and give them the slip altogether, or has be ome somehow possessed of sudden wealth, in which case they think it only right that they should come in for some of the plunder. And so the poor wretch struggles on from day to day.

There is yet another class of beings who is afraid to take a holiday, and that solely from pecuniary considerations, the drivers of the great London omnibus companies. "No work, no pay" is the motto of the directors of the 'bus proprietors, and, if the hard-worked Jehus desire to get down from their box-seats for a spell, they must go without their wages.

Some years ago there lived an extraordinary old man who had a monomania, and that was the very topic that forms the heading for this article. He was afraid to take a holiday. He was a prosperous city merchant, who died, as if in direct sarcasm against his crank, while sitting at his desk from a heart attack. The reason for his whim was as follows: His father had been drowned while at sea in a holiday trip across Channel; his eldest son had been killed on a bicycle tour by his machine "bolting" down a hill, his wife had succumbed to typhoid fever contracted at a seaside watering-place. These three occurrences so preyed upon his mind that the idea of a holiday became a positive bugbear. And so he never took any relaxation from his work, and died, as already said, in harness.

To revert to the example quoted at the beginning of this article, there is of course another type of man who dare not take a holiday, and that is the wilfully fraudulent clerk whose whole life's work is directed towards "cooking" the accounts of the firm in whose employ he is, that he may appropriate sums that ought by rights to enrich his firm. It is only when he has amassed a large amount of ill-gotten gains, or when detection seems inevitable that he will "take a holiday." And then he generally chooses a spot many thousand miles away from the scene of his crime.

WAR PICTURES, a pictorial record of the war. Every Wednesday, price twopence.



THE POPULAR BELIEF THAT YOU CANNOT SAVE ANYTHING OUT OF A SMALL WEEKLY SALARY IS UNTRUE.

IT cannot be done on a weekly salary? Well, let us see. We own, to start with, that these are not very flowery times, for take almost any profession or trade and you will find its ranks pretty well overcrowded, making your struggle, as you say, not the saving of money but the getting it.

We grant you that much, but why take a pessimistic view of things? The pessimist is a man whose heart is so ribbed with the lines of disappointment and of hope abandoned, as to rob his soul of every trace of faith in men or matters; so, let us emerge from the dark and step into the light to discuss the saving of money, for no matter how small your salary is it can be done.

You are a married man and in receipt of a certain amount weekly, and, although there is no immediate prospect of your becoming better off, yet you are an optimist living on hoping for the best, and, like our old friend Micawber, waiting for something to turn up. The only sad thing about it is you cannot save; all your money is spent as you get it, not in waste or extravagance, but in things which are absolutely domestic.

You find, for instance, that your rent takes a big slice from your two, three, or four pounds a week, and at once you settle down in the belief that as

YOU MUST PAY RENT

wherever you are, *ergo*, rent is a determined factor in your life from which there is no getting away.

Not so fast; rent is not such a determined factor as you imagine, and, in a sense, there is a getting away from it.

How? Well, the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone, than whom perhaps no greater financier lived, speaking to a body of artisans who called on him with an address at Hawarden, declared that nobody in receipt of a weekly stipend which was earned by labour, either mental or physical, should pay away in rent more than one-tenth of such income.

What are you paying? If on a salary of £150 or £200 a year you are paying £35 or £38 per annum for a house—with an additional £8 or £10 a year for rates—and you keep a servant, too, one can quite understand your becoming an avowed pessimist, and that your hair is turning grey from worry. Don't pay a third or a fourth of your salary away in rent and you'll save money. Whistle appearances down the wind, and if your weekly stipend is only £3 a week, then pay no more than 6s. a week rent, and put away 10s. every week for a rainy day. We will refer to this presently and show you how it can be done.

To digress from the main theme for a moment, we know the case of a man who was in receipt of only £150 a year, but whose rent and taxes came to exactly £1 a week, whilst his servant's wages and board, and so forth, levied a further charge of 15s. a week, bringing the total liabilities up to £1 15s. a week, leaving a net balance of of but £1 5s. a week to provide food and clothing and out of pocket expenses for himself and wife and child. What folly, and yet we do not hesitate to say that there are thousands

PRACTISING THE SAME ERROR

in a more or less like way.

But why pay rent at all? Buy the house you are living in, as the writer has done, on the easy payment system, then you can save. There are few landlords who would refuse to accept a first instalment of £30 and accept further easy payments from you towards liquidating the cost of your house, such payments hardly ever exceeding the rental you have been in the habit of paying. And when once you have the deeds of your house in your possession, you have, of course, a splendid asset which will always keep you solvent and keep the wolf from the door, for if you wanted to raise money at any time there is no security so marketable as property deeds.

But a careful man would only negotiate his deeds for the purpose of buying another house, or two, on the same plan as he bought his first, with this difference, that instead of paying down £30, the first instalment for the second house would be at least £100, for your security (your deeds) would readily realise that amount, while the rent derived from the occupier of the second house would go towards liquidating the remainder of the liability. And so you go on, till you buy your third house, the money for which you could again easily raise by mortgaging the deeds of your first and second houses until you cleared off that liability.

Your only liability would now be ground rent, which should never be higher than a fifth of the rack-rental, that is, the rent of the house, so that a £40 a year house should have a ground rental of not more than £8 per annum.

Ordinary repairs are usually put down by landlords at about £5 a year.

Having got three houses, you could now pay cash down probably for your fourth, and if you go on successfully like this this there is nothing to prevent your joining the ranks of landed proprietors in time.

The start is the thing. This is the way to begin. We will say that you have not a penny saved up, but, determined to follow our advice, you want £30 for the first instalment towards buying your house. You must economise, but we do not propose to starve you.

Most writers on this important subject of saving money lay down rules as to the quantity of food you should eat, which, viewed even through the rosiest of spectacles, only shows the way to positive starvation. They would have you live on sixpence a day, and endeavour to prove to you that by following that rule you would not only be a healthier man in the end but you would save.

That's sheer nonsense. We say it politely, but living on sixpence a day is putting the little money you have saved thereby towards the purchase-money for your grave, an early one to boot.

On the contrary, we give you a good table, consisting of butcher's meat, fish, and even poultry occasionally, with good vegetables and bread, tea, coffee, and cocoa, as well as a liberal quantity of that refreshing beverage associated with the name of honest John Barleycorn. We give you a decent wardrobe for yourself and wife and two children; we give you a fair allowance to spend on amusement, and another for your church; and, after apportioning out these several weekly items, enabling you to live well, dress well, and enjoy life fairly well, we proceed to show you how

YOU CAN SAVE 10s. A WEEK

out of a weekly salary of £3 a week.

If your salary, or wages, be under or over the amount we have taken for our basis, then regulate matters accordingly and follow the principle of the undermentioned table so as to make your figures agree. We assume, of course, that a man in receipt only of £3 a week will not keep a servant.

HOW TO LIVE AND DRESS ON £3 A WEEK AND SAVE 10s. WEEKLY.

	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1.—Taking Mr. Gladstone's scale—tenth for rent. (By this we don't mean you to live in a slum. There is no reason why you should not live in a £40 a year house, provided you let it off in apartments so as to reduce your liability to the amount stated)	6	0			
2.—Butchers' meat	7	0			
Baker	2	0			
Groceries	4	0			
Fish	1	6			
Butter, bacon, and eggs	3	0			
Milk	2	0			
Coals and light	2	0			
Beer bill	2	6			
Laundry	2	6			
Sundries (Oilman's)	1	0			
Greengrocery and fruit	3	0			
3.—Dress (£12 per annum)	5	0			
Travelling expenses	2	6			
Amusements	2	0			
Church	1	0			
Tobacco	1	0			
Doctor's bill	3	0			
			2	10	0
Banked weekly				10	0
			3	0	0

Now to the inexperienced eye the above amounts may seem small, but we are not pinching or stinting you, for all the amounts as given are taken from actual tradesmen's bills. Your careful and practical housewife may perhaps acknowledge that she must be a mistress of economy to keep her bills below the amount stated. Granted, but a good kitchen economiser will not exceed our figures.

The items as enumerated, taking the circumstances into consideration, namely, that you want to save money, are just about right, and if you try to follow the list you will certainly have at the year's end the sum of £25 to your credit.

Having accomplished that and negotiated with your landlord for the purchase of your house, you ought to find little difficulty in getting another £5 to pay the first instalment.

HELEN: "Maud has caught the bicycle fever."

Molly: "How d'you know?"

Helen: "She's put a cyclometer on her baby, to see how far it crawls."

MRS. TURNBULL: "It's too bad of your husband to cut off his flowing beard."

Mrs. Crimple: "Yes; but he had to do it. I gave him a diamond pin for a birthday present."

TIRED TOMPKINS: "There's one job I wouldn't mind havin', Horace."

Hungry Horace (in amazement): "What's that?"

Tired Tompkins: "Lineman fer er wireless telegraph comp'ny."

"MY boy," said the kind old uncle, as he beamed on his young nephew, "you are my closest relative, are you not?"

"No, uncle," sweetly replied the little fellow; "my father has that distinction. He never gives me a penny unless I ask him for it."

An Irish Opinion.

IT was the day of the Queen's entry into Dublin recently. Those who had assembled along the route awaiting Her Majesty's arrival were beguiling the interval as best they could by discussing good-humouredly the topics of the moment.

The conversation drifted by easy and natural stages to the South African struggle, and one of the bystanders hazarded the opinion that the Queen would have done better to go to the front than to have come to Ireland.

"How do you make that out?" was the unanimous cry.

"Well," came the reply, "because a sovereign at any time is worth twenty 'Bobs.'"

When Heels were Half a Yard High.

AT the time that Venice was at its zenith of prosperity the streets were often extremely thick with mud in spite of the great sewers that were laid down in the tenth century.

To combat this mud the ladies took to high-heeled shoes. As the mud grew worse the heels became higher, until at length, some of them reached the height of half a yard, and naturally were as difficult to control as a pair of stilts without handles. The consequence was that a lady in full dress, obliged to walk a few yards, had to be supported on both sides. This was a task for the black pages, or the lovers, who at this time formed a very conventional part of Venetian society.

Curious Relics to be Seen at the Paris Exposition.

WHILE the underground railway was being carried through Paris last summer certain courses of the walls of the old "Tower of Liberty," which the French revolutionists started to build out of the stones of the Bastile, were discovered under the Rue St. Antoine. As soon as these interesting relics were discovered plans were made for saving them and putting them on exhibition, so that all Paris could gaze on what are really the last stones of the famous prison taken on that memorable 14th of July, 1789.

It was not until the next year, however, when the surrender of the Bastile was first celebrated as a great national holiday, that the building was razed to the ground and the project of building a commemorative tower suggested. The tower was begun, but never finished, and in the various agitations that swept over Paris it seems to have been forgotten until the workmen came across it last summer.

In a way, these actual and authentic stores from the Bastile represent the visible declaration of independence of the French, since this with the French was not a written document, peaceably adopted, but a revolutionary act, which proved to be in the taking of the Bastile the prelude to the most terrible drama of national life that the world has ever seen.

These few rough stones are, therefore, not only eloquent of the comparatively auspicious days of '89, but of the "terror."

He Frightened the Dealer.

THE following is an interesting story of a celebrated juggler who was fond of showing some of his tricks off the stage. A favourite trick was to pretend to drop an article, and after a desperate scramble, catch it before it touched the floor.

One day he went with a friend to a curio shop and the proprietor called his attention to a beautiful little vase which happened to be a valuable historical relic.

"Would you allow me to take it in my hands?" said the juggler.

"Certainly," said the curio dealer, and he lifted it out of the case with the greatest delicacy and care.

"How very interesting," remarked the juggler, examining it carefully, and then all of a sudden it slipped through his fingers. He made a series of frantic clutches, tossing it to and fro, and keeping it in the air by apparently a pure miracle, until he finally grabbed it when it was within a couple of inches of the floor.

During this performance, the proprietor stood speechless with horror, and at each fresh slip gasped involuntarily. When he secured his treasure he was as white as a sheet.

The same performance was repeated with an egg-shell tea cup that had belonged to the Empress Josephine, and with a magnificent Wedgwood plate.

Each time the trick was done, the dealer looked as though he would faint.

When he got the plate in his hands again he proceeded to show his would-be customers the door.

"This is very strange," protested the juggler, "don't you want our custom?"

"I'd like your custom well enough," replied the dealer, "if I were not subject to palpitation of the heart."

PROWLING AFTER PLAYERS.

SLIM DODGES OF THE FOOTBALL "SIGNING-ON" SEASON.

THE Association "signing-on time" does not produce so much excitement in the football world as it used to do in the old days.

Now, a man is safe directly he is signed on a proper form and under legal conditions—no signature being, for instance, legal which is obtained on Sunday, and Aston Villa once got into a terrible row because they broke the rule. As our readers will remember, it was over their present goalkeeper, George, and there were penalties of the direst kind which need not now be recalled.

But there was a time when only the fact that a man had appeared in actual play with a team fastened him to a club.

Agents then used to try all sorts of dodges to get at players. The famous John Goodall was on one occasion spirited away in a cab right from beneath the noses of certain gent'eman who thought they had him fast. He was called out of a public-house, invited into a cab, and was not afterwards seen until it was too late to get him into that particular team.

In the case of a crack player, who afterwards did duty for Stoke, the club holding him, as they thought, had a young fellow paid to stay with the player and sleep with him, only to find he had been circumvented, for his man had been taken away during his momentary absence.

It afterwards transpired that the watcher was trapped by one conspirator whilst the other "nobbled" the player, drove him to the nearest wayside station, and gave him a three weeks' outing in Scotland.

The agent of the present day has to work in quite a different fashion. He may not "approach" his man until the 1st of May, whilst the club for which the man plays may sign him at any time after the advent of April.

Consequently the agent has to solve the problem of getting at the player without being discovered, and keeping him from signing for his old club until he may legally "take on" with his new love.

In this the greatest secrecy and the utmost ingenuity are exercised.

On no account must the club be dragged in, and yet it is quite plain the man must know for whom he is wanted to play, for the prestige of playing for a big club often tells as much as a big offer of wages.

One agent got at a player by visiting the ground of a team against which the eleven with which the man was connected was playing. He bribed the groundsman, was allowed to hang round as an attendant, and so got in his persuasive message.

This was only that the player "could get double his present wages by meeting a man in the know" at a certain hostelry in a town close to his club's headquarters.

The meeting took place, the player was offered a "fiver" to get at another, and so three players were arranged with.

Other men were also got at—one through his sweetheart—and the whole lot were signed directly the clock struck twelve midnight and thus ushered in the legal signing day.

Of course, these agents and the clubs employing them have to take risks as Liverpool, Blackburn Rovers, Wolverhampton Wanderers, Aston Villa, Thames Ironworks, and Southampton have cause to know.

Sometimes players "blow the gaff," as in the case of Bloomer, and Southampton, and Sayer, now of Bury, in regard to a southern club supposed to have been "after him" this season.

Sometimes they take the money, as in the case of a man at Bolton, spend it among their *confrères*, and dare the poacher to take action. Sometimes they let the agent think all is square, duly sign for their own club, and let their secretary square the matter. There are several well-authenticated cases of this kind.

One of the most costly of these jobs was that of Aston Villa, with Whitehouse, who afterwards went to Bristol; and they had to pay through the nose for Clinch, who now plays for Sheffield United, though it is fair to say they denied being responsible for the poaching.

A favourite dodge is to note where a team is playing and travel by the same train, get into conversation with the men, and hint at "changes for the better."

Men are known to have been signed as early as four o'clock in the morning. Tom Watson got a player, now in the south—Cunliffe, the International—by meeting him on his way from work.

One man was got at owing to his being a Welshman, and the agent being able to speak in Welsh, too. The arrangement was made in the presence of the "watchful committee-man" of the man's club.

LADY: "I'm surprised at an able-bodied man like you going about here selling ferns. Why don't you go into the Army?"

Hawker: "Why, they don't want ferns in the Army, do they, mum?"

His Were Papered.

Two jerry-builders journeyed one morning to see how their blocks of houses, erected on adjacent plots of land, had withstood a storm which had raged during the night.

One block stood unharmed; the other lay in a heap of ruins.

"However can that have happened?" said the unfortunate jerry-builder.

"Oh!" said his joyful companion, "simple enough; my houses were papered!"

TEACHER: "If one servant girl could clean two rooms in two hours, how long would it take two servant girls to do it?"

Little Girl: "Four hours."

Teacher: "Wrong. It would only take one hour."

Little Girl: "Oh, I didn't know you were talking about servant girls that weren't on speaking terms."

What it Really Was.

A YOUNG doctor recently took his best girl to the opera. The curtain was late in rising, and the young lady complained of feeling faint.

The doctor smiled sweetly upon her, took something out of his vest pocket, and whispered to her to keep "the tablet" in her mouth, but not to swallow it.

She shyly placed it on her tongue, and rolled it over and over, but it would not dissolve; she felt better, however.

When the performance was over she slipped the tablet in her glove, being curious to examine at home this tasteless, indissoluble little substance which had given her such relief in the opera house.

When alone in her room she pulled off her glove and out came a mother-of-pearl shirt button!

"YOU married me for my money."

"What of it? You married me for my beauty."

"Well, both securities have depreciated."

"I WONDER," said the sweet young thing, "why a man is always so frightened when he proposes?"

"That," said the chronic bachelor, "is his guardian angel trying to hold him back."

Commanding a Plant to Grow.

HOW COLOURED GLASS AFFECTS THE GROWTH OF VEGETABLES.

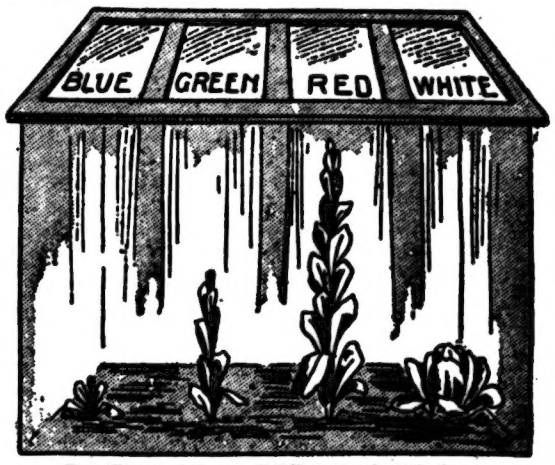
SOME remarkable effects of light of different colours upon growing vegetables have been obtained in experiments recently undertaken by Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer.

By means of rays of light thrown upon successive strips of soil in which plants were set, it was shown that plants in a red hothouse became four times as big as those exposed to ordinary sunlight in a given time. The poorest development—practically amounting to failure—was obtained under blue glass.

The sketch we give is from an actual photograph of lettuces grown under blue, green, red, and white glass. The lettuce on the extreme left was placed under blue glass, and, like the one beside it, which was grown under green glass, it developed very poorly. Under red glass the lettuce ran up like a beanstalk, blooming fifteen days earlier than the lettuce which appears on the extreme right, and which was reared under white glass.

The difference between the effects of red and white glass seems to be that the former develops height, and the white glass breadth.

Indian corn under white glass measured 25in.; under red, 18in.; under green 8in.; and under blue, 6in. Beans flourished under white and red glass, but perished under green and blue.



The effect on lettuces of different coloured glass.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

Being Something of Interest about Big People whose Birthdays happen this Week.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S birthday occurs, as usual, on May 13th, when he will complete his fifty-eighth year. His first musical composition was, it is interesting to recall, an anthem, written when quite a boy and sung at the Chapel Royal. It so pleased Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, that he presented the youthful musician with a half-sovereign. Sir Arthur can now get £700 for a song, and the famous "Lost Chord" has brought him in a profit of £10,000.

One of the old Navy families of Great Britain is that of which LORD HOTHAM, who becomes sixty-two years old on May 13th, is the head. The first peer, Admiral Hotham, engaged the French fleet in 1795, and, owing to the exertions of Nelson, captured two liners. The irrepressible Nelson wanted to pursue, but cautious Hotham replied, "We must be content; we have done very well." "Now," said Nelson afterwards, "had we taken ten sail, and allowed the eleventh to escape when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done." The present peer has been in the Royal Navy, and served throughout the Crimean War.

It's a nice thing when you can make your fortune and retire from the cares of business, and SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT, who celebrates his fifty-ninth birthday on May 14th, is one of those lucky ones. After twenty years successful theatre management, he, with his well-known wife, retired in 1885. That Sir Squire is given to taking time by the forelock is proved by the fact that, in Brompton Cemetery, he has already built his own mausoleum! It is made of granite like a small chapel, and the word Bancroft is on the door.

An old warrior of England, ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD SOTHEBY, attains the great age of eighty-seven on Monday. Sir Edward entered the Royal Navy in 1828, nine years before the Queen came to the Throne, and his most distinguished service was as commander of the famous *Pearl* Naval Brigade, which, in 1857, was landed in India, and did much to suppress the Mutiny. During the course of this exciting work, Sir Edward was mentioned in thirteen dispatches, and at the finish he received the thanks of the Viceroy and Houses of Lords and Commons.

Before he struck oil as the writer of a certain kind of fiction, MR. HALL CAINE, who celebrates his forty-seventh birthday on May 14th, tried several vocations. Very early in life he was an Isle of Man schoolmaster, then he started to become an architect, and finally became a journalist and literary man. It is said that Mr. Caine discovered the names of "John Storm" and "Glory Quayle," both used in "The Christian," in a little old churchyard in New England, America, near ex-President Cleveland's summer house.

It is more than appropriate to refer at this moment to MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, who completes the eightieth year of her glorious life on Tuesday, May 15th. Born at Florence, Italy, as her name indicates, Miss Nightingale went to Constantinople in 1854, and, at the hospitals there, was soon looking after 10,000 Crimean patients. When she returned to England, very few people knew of the event, so quietly was it made; when the nation subscribed £50,000 as a testimonial, she spent it in founding a Nurses' Home. The noble lady lives very exclusively.

COLONEL MARK S. BELL, whose fifty-seventh birthday occurs on May 15th, is a Victoria Cross hero of the Ashanti War of 1873-74, the distinction being conferred for exemplary courage at Ordashu, January 4th, 1874. Colonel Bell belonged to the Royal Engineers, who took a leading part in the campaign. To the corps fell the not disagreeable duty of burning and blowing up the palace and charnel house at Coomassie, which were reeking horribly with clotted blood and freshly-slain bodies.

Russians residing in England, for sundry reasons, cannot but feel interested in learning that the TSAR celebrates his thirty-second birthday on May 18th. Since he became Emperor, on November 1st, 1894, he has always made a practice of carrying a loaded revolver. Some time ago, while the royal family were at dinner, a soda-water bottle near a window went off with a pop and a bang, and in a moment the Tsar, revolver in hand, was ready for all the Anarchists in his empire. The incident quite spoiled the Emperor's appetite, for he has not forgotten how his grandfather, Alexander II., was blown to death by a bomb.

ALFONSO XIII., King of Spain, who becomes fourteen years old on May 17th, is a little ruler who tries to make life worth living on £280,000 a year, and apparently succeeds in the attempt. He was born a king, for his father died six months before the son appeared. There are many stories, more or less true, told of Alfonso in his very young days. At a children's ball once, a little lady, after a dance, turned her cheek to him for a kiss. But Alfonso the Thirteenth wasn't having any! He stepped back, and holding out his hand for the salute, said reprovingly, "I am your king."

Ninepence will convert you into a philanthropist and give one poor child a happy day.
See HOME NOTES Fresh Air Fund. No working expenses.

THE BAD RECORDS OF BAD MEN.

CONCERNING THE FIRST MAN TO BE HANGED IN ENGLAND, AND THE FIERCEST FIGHT ON RECORD.

WE are nowadays confronted with strange collections of facts about almost everything, but as the subject of criminal records is one that appears to have hardly been touched, perhaps a few odd items on this subject may not be lacking in interest.

The holding of a record is usually something to boast about, but it is very doubtful whether a certain private living in the reign of King Henry III. ever had the inclination—or the chance—to wax proud of the fact that he was the first person to be hanged in England.

A much more meritorious record is surely that of the late Mr. Purcel, of Highford, near Charleville, in the county of Limerick, Ireland, who, at the age of seventy, accomplished a feat that probably no man of his age performed before or since.

Single-handed he repulsed a band of over a dozen burglars!

Sitting up late one night, old Mr. Purcel suddenly found that there had entered by a window the monster gang of burgling gentry above referred to. Armed only with a table knife, and standing in the pitch dark, he succeeded in stabbing to the heart the first man who came for him. A shot was fired at the old gentleman, but had no effect.

Meantime, though, Mr. Purcel had managed to wound the burglar who had fired (at a remarkably short range) and also a third member of the visiting party. Finally in a fierce tussle with a fourth burglar the gallant old gentleman broke his knife, but not before his antagonist had fallen dead from a fierce stab in the heart. On the failure of this, their most war-like comrade, the remaining robbers decamped, leaving two of their number dead on the scene of the struggle.

A remarkable record is that which was achieved by a Major Murray, of the 10th Hussars, who, beguiled into entering the office of a maniac money-lender named Roberts, fought with that person what is generally considered to have been the most sanguinary single-handed combat in the entire records of crime.

The Major twice received the contents of Roberts' pistol in his head and twice was taken for a dead man by his assailant. Murray, in a ghastly state that baffles description, next struck the money-lender two fearful blows on the head with a pair of tongs. These he followed up with a deadly blow on the forehead inflicted by a bottle which would have killed an average man. Nevertheless, in this case it was necessary for the soldier to deliver yet another blow with the tongs which absolutely decided the combat in favour of the terribly wounded officer, who, in spite of his condition, was able to escape from the den into which he had been beguiled.

The money-lender succumbed to his wounds a day or two later, but Major Murray survived to live to a good old age.

Something in the nature of a record must be credited to the Rev. Dr. Dodd, who was hanged for forgery in the reign of King George III., and who prior to his removal to the scaffold wrote the sermon that he desired to be read at his funeral service.

An act of bravado, with which Peace is generally credited, allots to a predecessor in crime to that notorious man the record of having submitted to the authorities a design for the gallows on which he was to pay the penalty of his offence. This individual's name was Thurtell, and he murdered a bookmaker named Wear in the year 1823.

A daring burglary that was committed so long ago as 1828 at West Moulsey, in the house of a clergyman of the name of Warrington, would have been forgotten many decades since but for a record point in connection with it. The case was the first—or it is believed to be the first—in which the burglars made use of firearms.

A more recent and equally peculiar record was made in connection with the Eustachy poisoning case that attracted public attention in France and elsewhere some fifteen years ago. Some poisoned game, when analysed, was deprived of the drug with which it was impregnated, and the crystals photographed by the analyst. This is said to have been the first application of micro-photography in either medical jurisprudence or criminal cases.

What was probably a record in its way was made by the notorious anarchist, Orsini, who, when finally condemned and executed, concluded a career in the course of which he had previously been both convicted of planning a revolt and sentenced to death! The sentence in this first case had, however, been commuted, and the anarchist had "broken gaol" in the most remarkable manner, only to participate in the plot against the Emperor Napoleon which proved fatal to the rascal's enterprise.

Unique in one of its results was the series of terrible crimes committed in Edinburgh early in the nineteenth century.

The name of one of the perpetrators became such a synonym for all that was brutal that that name, Burke, was made a verb and is now not uncommonly used with a dictionary meaning of "to destroy, suppress, harry." Few criminal have acquired such a record as this!

Books Boiled Down.

THERE are 9,000 cells in a square foot of honeycomb.

MORE herrings are eaten than any other kind of fish.

BUENOS AYRES has twenty excellent markets in the city.

IN Portugal married women retain their maiden names.

EVERY German soldier carries a Bible with the rest of his equipment.

To keep champagne bottles from losing gas a French scientist covers the cork with a layer of copper electrically deposited.

IT is estimated that about 2,000,000,000 bicycles have been made in Europe and America.

No receptacle has ever been made with sufficient strength to resist the bursting power of frozen water.

CHARLOTTE is a corruption of the old English word charlyt, which means a dish of custard, and charlotte russe is Russian charlotte.

A WOMAN who wears a stuffed bird on her hat is liable to a fine of from £5 to £10 by a law recently passed by the legislature of Arkansas.

IN Jewish marriages the woman is always placed to the right of her mate. With every other nation of the world her place in the ceremony is to the left.

THE strongest sentiment of the Turk is his reverence for his mother. He always stands in her presence until invited to sit down, a compliment he pays to no one else.

NORWEGIAN legislators propose that girls who do not know how to knit, sew, wash and cook should be refused permission to marry. Daughters of wealthy men are not to be excepted.

THE British Government is the owner of over 25,000 camels. Several thousands are used in India to carry stores and equipment when regiments are changing quarters by line of march.

THE omnibus company of Paris, on the occasion of the Exposition this year, will have 92 lines and 1,500 vehicles, performing 25,000 journeys a day, and capable of transporting 1,028,000 passengers.

THERE are at present no fewer than seventy-one European Princesses belonging to the reigning houses who are of marriageable age, while the corresponding Princes are only forty-seven in number.

AN enormous quantity of old iron, in the shape of old anchors and chains is annually rescued from the sea. During one period of twelve months, as much as 150 tons weight was dredged up on the east coast of England alone.

MACHINES in a watch factory will cut screws with 589 threads to an inch. These threads are invisible to the naked eye, and it takes 144,000 screws to make a pound. A pound of them is worth six pounds weight of pure gold.

CATS are greatly venerated in Persia. The feline friends of the Shah number fifty, each having its own attendant and a special room for meals. When the Shah goes on a journey the cats go, too, being carried by men on horseback.

THE giraffe has such powers of mimicry that, although its size might be supposed to make it a conspicuous object to its enemies, the most practised eye has been deceived by the animal's resemblance to one of the dead and blasted tree trunks which abound in its haunts.

ACCORDING to tables made by sporting men over £50,000,000 is lost on the turf every year. Of this, £10,000,000 is lost on English race courses and about £20,000,000 on Australian courses. The remainder is chiefly distributed between France, the United States, and British Colonies.

A MISER living not far from Philadelphia, U.S.A., recently died; but his savings could not be found. All endeavours to trace his hiding-place proved unsuccessful until a few days ago, when, on cutting down a tree in the deceased man's garden, more than a thousand pounds was found concealed in the trunk.

ALTHOUGH looked upon as an evil, pain is kind. It tells that the laws of Nature have been violated, and warns us to correct the cause. If it were not for pain we should go on doing things that would destroy us. Pain is a warning that something is wrong, and, instead of trying to hush the pain with some drug, we should seek to remove the cause.

THE working men's insurance laws have had a very good effect in German cities in diminishing tuberculosis, by compelling the wage-earning classes to join sick clubs and thereby putting them in the way of taking better care of their health, and providing them with medical attendance and nursing at an early stage when tuberculosis is not yet incurable.

WHEN ladies go to buy a dress in Japan they tell the shop-keeper their age, and if they are married or not because there are special designs for the single and double relations of life, as well as for ages. The consequence of this painful custom is that you can tell the age of every lady you meet, and know whether she is married, precisely as though she were labelled.

Found Her Anyway.

MRS. BOREM: "You weren't in when I called the other day. I wrote to you that I would call. Didn't you get the letter?"

Mrs. Tewkute: "Why, no. Isn't that too bad! Are you sure you sent it to the right address?"

Mrs. Borem: "Oh, yes. I addressed it to 65 Longford Square."

Mrs. Tewkute: "No, you didn't. You wrote it Longford Place."

No Deception.

WIFE (after the honeymoon): "Why did you deceive me about your income?"

Husband: "I didn't, my dear."

Wife: "Yes, you did. You told me you were getting ten pounds a week when you asked me to marry you."

Husband: "You evidently misunderstood me. I said my position was worth ten pounds—and so it is; but for some reason best known to the guv'nor, he gives me only three pounds."

He had Swallowed the Whistle.

"GOAL!" yelled half of the excited players, as their remains emerged from a desperate scrimmage on the goal line.

"Offside!" "Foul!" "Never went through!" were the vigorous protests of the opposing team, and the poor referee was surrounded by twenty-two yelling footballers; but he refused to give his decision.

They dragged him from one side of the field to another.

He clutched at his throat, and beckoned them to desist, but they continued wildly with their excited shouts.

"No goal!" shouted the defenders.

The referee held out his hand, and he seemed as if he would speak, but no sound came from his lips.

They besieged him again. His face turned a purply-red, and his eyes bulged out, but yet he spake not.

"What is it?" shouted the players in chorus, as they tried to shake the answer out of him.

"Sh-shut up!" he managed to stammer out, after another heroic attempt; "I—I've swallowed the whistle!"

WHEN WILL

THE BRITISH GUNS

BE TRAINED ON PRETORIA?

£250 Will be given to the Reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY from whom we receive a coupon in which is written the EXACT DAY upon which the

BRITISH FLAG WILL BE OFFICIALLY HOISTED IN PRETORIA.

All You Have to Do.

Fill in the accompanying coupon. Send it in to us as soon as you like. Send as many coupons as you like.

If two competitors name the exact day the money will go to the one who gives the correct hour of that day. If two or more give the correct day and hour the £250 in full will go to him whose coupon we received bearing the earliest date of sending in. Pretoria time, which is about one hour and three quarters in advance of English time, must be stated.

The Editor's decision must be final, and competitors must only enter on that understanding. The Editor reserves the right to close this competition at a day's notice.

Address all envelopes to "War Editor," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

We shall take it that competitors mean the year 1900, unless they state otherwise.

This notice and coupon also appear every week in the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS, HOME NOTES, SHORT STORIES, SUNDAY READER, and the BIG BUDGET.

Pretoria Coupon. P.W.] May 19, 1900. Date of Writing } .....

Name.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Day..... Hour..... (Pretoria Time.)

THE INVADERS.

A STORY OF BRITAIN'S PERIL.

By Louis Tracy.

Author of "The Final War," "An American Emperor," etc.

CAPTURE OF DR. LEYDS.

LANDING OF 70,000 MORE ALLIES.

DESTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH AND GERMAN FLEETS.

SUMMARY.

The story opens with a farewell scene between Captain Robert Hamilton and Major Forster at Euston Station, the latter journeying to Liverpool, where he is to embark on the transport "Servia" en route for the war in South Africa.

Euston Station is crowded with men bound for Liverpool, most of whom look like Germans.

Arriving at Liverpool, Major Forster finds everybody in a state of terror and confusion, and learns that the city has fallen into the hands of an unknown enemy, and that the transport "Servia" has been captured.

Tom Pratt, a boy employed at the Adelphi Hotel, now arrives on the scene and narrates his experiences to Major Forster, who accepts the youth's offer of his services to assist him in communicating the news of the seizure of Liverpool to the War Office.

After many exciting adventures a telegraphic despatch is sent by way of Holyhead and Dublin, and Cork and Bristol, the wires on the direct route having been cut by the enemy.

London is startled by the announcement that the French and German Ambassadors have demanded, and received, their passports.

The enemy infest Birmingham, and seize the Central Post Office and the small arms and ammunition factories.

The British fleet, being at Malta and other foreign stations, is not available for defence. The Royal Marines, with the Militia and Volunteers, are called up to save the country.

The Duke of Connaught cables from Ireland that he wishes to command—or at least accompany—the expeditionary forces, and this request is acceded to. After some demur on the part of the Queen, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York are appointed to the staff of the Southern Field Force.

A battle takes place between the land forces at Manchester, where, after many exciting incidents, the enemy is repulsed.

After the battle, the Commanders of the Allied Forces hold a consultation, which Major Forster, who has obtained the uniform and papers of a German soldier and joined the Allies to spy on their movements, overhears, he having been sent to the Commanders with a message from one of the Generals. The French Commander suspects him as being a spy and gives orders for him to be shadowed.

Tom Pratt now appears on the scene again and warns Major Forster that he is in danger.

When it is dark, Major Forster leaves the camp, and, with Tom Pratt's assistance, obtains the *dossier* in the French commander's possession.

The Major and Pratt then set out for Manchester, where the former hands over the *dossier* to the Duke of Connaught, who has made his headquarters in that city.

The Duke of Connaught dispatches Major Forster, accompanied by Pratt, to London with the *dossier*, copies of which, however, have already been made.

During the journey an attempt is made by three of the enemy, well armed, to regain possession of the *dossier*. The attempt, however, proves futile, the three men being killed, and on one of them a *passe-partout* is found, which Major Forster reserves for future use.

A naval action takes place between some British ships and a portion of the French fleet off Gibraltar, in which the British are beaten, being hopelessly outnumbered.

America comes to the help of England by sending over food supplies under the escort of Admiral Dewey and five U.S. men-of-war.

At Boulogne three Englishmen arrange a rendezvous for the purpose of contriving a plot as to how they can capture Dr. Leyds, who is staying at that place.

CHAPTER XIII. (*continued*).

THE appointment was kept, further conversation took place, and the tutor owned to the fact that he was personally filled with a desire to go and help his country, that he could procure a small yawl any time he wanted it at a neighbouring village, and that he only needed two or three other men to assist him in the undertaking, as the distance was too far for one man to pull a heavy boat in case the wind was not favourable.

Then Jimmy laid bare his project with regard to Dr. Leyds and outlined the scheme which had evolved itself during the joint cogitations of himself and his companion.

The pale tutor was fired with it. He promised his hearty co-operation. There was one great difficulty—that of note-paper, properly embossed.

Smith went off to a stationer whom he knew, to see if this initial obstacle could be surmounted. A lucky chance favoured him. Among other specimen sheets of letter-paper was one which bore the official address of the general in command at Boulogne.

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On the pretence of submitting various styles of dies to the head master he secured this prize, and the three men then set resolutely to work to plan out every portion of their hazardous undertaking.

The first item to make sure of was whether or not Dr. Leyds dined at home that night. He did, said the obliging head waiter at the Grand Hotel.

Several gentlemen were invited. It was a special affair. Le General Blanc would occupy the place of honour, Monsieur le Maire would be on the left of the host, and then there were other notables. Ah! but it would be an occasion.

"Most interesting," said the pallid Smith. "At what hour do the great men assemble?"

"The reception is at 7.45, and dinner at 8.15. But there, monsieur, I have much labour," and the head waiter bustled off.

It was well they had made this inquiry. The presence of the general in person affected their plans materially.

"We are in for it now," said Smith when he rejoined his companions. "We have two hours left, and upon our success or failure depends whether we spend the next few years in England or in a French prison."

"What prison?" said Jimmy.

"Oh, for a state offence, probably La Galette in Paris."

"Then here goes! La Galette or Holloway!"

"You live in North London, then?" said Smith.

"I expect to take up my quarters there," was the laconic answer.

At 6.30 p.m. the proprietor of the small house in which Jimmy and his friend had secured lodgings received a telegram asking him to immediately betake himself and his wife to the address of a solicitor, living in an out-lying suburb, in order to receive particulars of a bequest from a distant relative.

Ah! How kind was Providence! They longed for wings, but the journey must occupy an hour at least, and the worthy proprietor was fat.

At 6.45 the tiny maid-servant was dispatched on a series of errands but solaced with a five franc piece. She need not hurry. The gentlemen were not going out until eight o'clock.

At 7 p.m. a smart carriage and pair, hired from a livery stable, drove up to the door.

A delicate-looking, pale young man appeared from the house with two francs, and a request. He would hold the horses.

Would *monsieur le cocher* help with a box, a light but large box, that required two persons to carry it?

The tip in advance was a rare thing. Of course *monsieur le cocher* would be delighted.

Monsieur the coachman entered the dwelling, climbed a stair, entered a room, was set upon by two determined Englishmen, gagged, and stripped of his long coat. Then he was securely tied and dumped on a sofa in a state of mute terror.

He saw one of the malefactors don his coat and coolly rip his hat at the back to make it fit. Then there followed silence and horror for two hours, until the proprietor and his wife returned, in a rare temper, to receive another message, this time a *petit bleu*, directing them to proceed to the first floor and unbind the man they would find there.

They saw the ruffian, called in the police, and it was midnight before *monsieur le cocher* was able to pour forth his wondrous tale in the bosom of his family.

Meanwhile Jimmy mounted the box, and nearly made a disastrous mistake until Smith implored him from the window to keep to the right and not to the left, in passing vehicles.

At 7.15 p.m., Jimmy drew up in fine style in front of the Grand Hotel, and Smith, now absolutely cadaverous, but otherwise cool, alighted. He was followed by the second Englishman, who raised his hat and walked quickly away.

He was set upon by two determined Englishmen.

Smith handed to the hall porter a letter, profusely sealed and stamped so that the words *République Française* should show boldly—these magic symbols having been obtained by a piece of modelling clay from a ten-centime copper.

"Would monsieur have the goodness to hand this letter at once to his Excellency, Dr. Leyds?"

Most certainly. Nothing could give him greater pleasure. He would do it without delay.

In half a minute Dr. Leyds, then finishing his toilette, read the following, written in perfect French.

MY DEAR DR. LEYDS.—I have just received from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs a most important message concerning events at Pretoria, events upon which the Government wish to ascertain your views no less than to avail themselves of your skilled advice.

This matter is urgent and requires immediate attention. If I waited until the reception there might be difficulty and delay. I send my private secretary and carriage herewith. Will you drive at once to my house, a mere matter of five minutes? We can discuss the affair, draw up a telegraphic reply, and return together before the first of your guests arrive.

One other word, which I had intended to reserve until we met. The Commissary of Police informs me that Boulogne, and especially your hotel is infested with English spies. Important papers should never leave your personal charge.

Accept, my dear Dr. Leyds, my most distinguished sentiments.

PHILLIPE LE GASCON BLANC,
Général.

Much perturbed, Dr. Leyds hastily donned an overcoat, crammed several packets of documents into his pockets, glancing suspiciously at his secretary and valet whilst locking several dispatch boxes, and rushed downstairs.

"Where is the carriage of the general?"

"The carriage of the general!" said the hall porter.

"Ah, monsieur. It waits!" murmured the white-faced secretary, conveying by a look the information that of all the secret agents of perfidious Albion in Boulogne the hall porter was the most notorious.

"How mad are these English," he said. "They even fight each other in a carriage."

In darted the doctor, followed by the secretary, and the coachman of the carriage of the general caused sparks to fly from the pavement as he whipped up his astonished steeds.

Leyds was silent, the secretary discreet.

What could this news be from Pretoria.

The cutting of the cables had cut off Dr. Leyds from the Transvaal even more effectually than Great Britain, for fast cruisers could bring news in fifteen days.

Had European intervention come too late? Was Oom Paul astonishing humanity in his own person? Could it be possible that Roberts had delivered the final blow? What was it?

The carriage stopped.

"The house of the general?" said Dr. Leyds.

"No. The Commissary of Police. For greater safety!" explained the taciturn secretary.

The carriage door opened. A man entered silently. The door slammed and off went the horses.

A little way down the Boulevard Napoleon an astounded workman heard a crash of glass and saw a patent leather boot thrust through the window of the carriage. He thought, too, he heard a muffled cry and an English word of much Continental notoriety. But the incident passed like a dream-vision. It was gone before he could think, and he gaped, open-mouthed, after the fast disappearing vehicle.

"How mad are these English," he said. "They even fight each other in a carriage."

To the Grand Hotel came the General, and the Mayor, and the notabilities. They entertained each other, and marvelled that the eminent representative of the Transvaal did not put in an appearance.

The minutes slipped by, and there were inquiries, rumours, much gesticulation, urgent messages for the Commissary, more inquiries, an anxious head waiter, a distracted cook, and finally about nine o'clock, a *procès verbal*.

At that hour two hot but contented horses were quietly nibbling the grass by the roadside some five miles along the coast; a French fisherman was considering how he could best invest 2,000 francs, or £80; and an ancient skiff, not worth a ten pound note, was being steadily pulled out to sea, and steered for the north by a tiny compass, for there was no wind, but the tide was favourable.

Trussed like a fowl, but with his gag removed, Dr. Leyds rested in the bottom of the boat and offered a quarter—half—three-quarters—of the secret service money in his possession if his captors would but release him.

It was a lot of money, more than Jimmy, or his mate, or the tutor could hope to earn if they evaded the Official Receiver every month, or taught English in twenty schools during a long and laborious life.

But it was of no avail. With blistered hands, and tired arms, and breaking backs they pulled on through the night.

The boat was heavy but the sea was smooth, so their awful labour, difficult for sailors but tremendous for inexperienced men, was devoid of any element of danger, as the French authorities did not think of sending out a gunboat from Boulogne until daybreak.

Two hours later the tiny yawl was sighted by the coastguard off Dungeness, and an armed boat's crew put off from the Battery to interview it occupants, their appearance being suspicious.

What a howl went up throughout England when it became known that the notorious agent of the Transvaal had been safely bagged!

With what eagerness did Ministers peruse the documents he had so thoughtfully secured from the prying eyes of British spies in Boulogne!

His captors were not only generously rewarded by Government, but by the public, with even greater liberality.

The astute Jimmy, at once perceiving the magnitude of the affair, revealed the real names and circumstances of himself and his friend, with the result that the DAILY MAIL instantly jumped to the conclusion that here was a heaven-sent subject for a fund.

Subscriptions poured in, the Official Receiver was complaisant, creditors even demurred at the too generous offer of ten shillings in the pound, and everybody was satisfied.

Mr. Smith, of course, having no financial difficulties, benefited even more extensively than his acquaintances. He entertained them to dinner at the Metropole one evening when the furore had died away and the subscription list closed.

The banquet was sumptuous—boiled rabbit, the epicurean tit-bit of a London menu under the conditions—and champagne at four guineas per quart.

Jimmy gave a toast.

"Cupid on Wheels," a new cycling story by Lillias Campbell Davidson, will be found in this week's HOME NOTES.

"Gentlemen," he said. "We drink to the health of Dr. Leyds. Ten days ago he was in clover and we were in Boulogne. Now, we are in clover and he is in Holloway. We wish no further change either for him or for ourselves. With wealth comes Conservatism. May the personal affairs of all four of us continue to prosper on the same lines."

"Gentlemen," he said, "we drink to the health of Dr. Leyds."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BATTLE OF CAISTOR.

THE morning of Tuesday, March 20th, the fifteenth day of the invasion, was bright and pleasant. The air, fresh and invigorating, brought the promise of spring.

Early budding trees and hardy hedgerows assumed livelier tints; there were lambs in those meadows yet unscathed by war; the very birds carolled with shrill glee and clusters of leaves in every sheltered bank or dell showed that the land would soon be glorified with wild flowers.

Nature whispered of hope and peace, decking herself in gayest robes to enchant all beholders. Feathered songster and brute creation alike yielded to her influence. In the saddening reflection evoked by Heber's thought—every prospect pleased and only man was vile.

For that glorious day—favourable to all good influences breathing the kindliness of earth and heaven—inaugurated a new and devastating storm of war, when blood fell like rain and men were swept out of existence as withered leaves vanish before a winter's gale.

England, the garden-park of the world, was ringed with fire and steel. A fierce struggle began with the first hours of sunshine—a struggle destined to last without ceasing until the scene of conflict had been twice again illumined by the same beneficent light.

To comprehend the exact significance of this tremendous battle, or series of battles to be precise, it is necessary to glance at the military situation and to indicate the position of the opposing forces on the map.

The circle of British divisions had steadily contracted on the allies until the latter were now confined to North Derbyshire with the Peak district as a fortified base.

The Duke of Connaught had relieved Chester and Crewe. General Thynne was established in Sheffield. Sir Richard Harrison had joined hands with the Duke on the north and with Sir Henry Brackenbury on the east, whilst the latter was in communication with General Thynne.

Colonel Goer had the supreme satisfaction of leading his fine regiment back to Burton. The Great Western, London and North Western, and Great Northern Railways were linked up—not thoroughly but with sufficient security for military purposes—and only small sections of the Midland and Great Central lines remained in the enemy's hands.

The latter, of course, retained a vast quantity of rolling stock.

Colonel Forster's discoveries, together with the details given by the *dossier*, revealed the existence of new strategic lines constructed by the Allies within their own sphere, and it was known that they were working some of the North Derbyshire Collieries with forced labour.

All the main telegraphs were restored and the British fleet kept watch and ward around the coast. It must be remembered, however, that the fleet had also to perform the onerous duty of keeping the Atlantic free from marauders owing to the ever-pressing question of food supply.

If the United Kingdom had possessed a twelve months' stock of meat and cereals the Navy could have struck fierce blows at French and German ports.

But she did not, and perhaps such a desirable consummation is impossible, so our sailors were perforce content with administering occasional hard knocks when pursuit of the hostile cruiser led them close to Brest or Cherbourg, Kiel or Bremerhaven.

Two very daring exploits of this nature revealed extensive naval preparations at both Bremerhaven and Cherbourg.

The object of these new developments could not well be ascertained, but the authorities decided that the best course was to retain every ship, not absolutely needed for scouting and commerce protection, in their respective harbour stations ready for instant action.

There was no longer any fear of a complete surprise being effected.

It was, therefore, thought better to keep the naval strength of the nation at a moment's call, rather than to risk undue delay in communication by sending squadrons to sea on the doubtful chance of falling in with the enemy.

At present Great Britain was defending her own. The time would come when she would go out and hunt.

The Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons were, of course, far beyond recall in pursuit of the French South African expedition.

Such nevertheless, were the magnificent maritime resources of the Mistress of the Seas that whilst able to guard her own shores, to follow like an avenging Nemesis in the track of the Boer relief, to chase privateers from the western ocean and to protect cable-repairing vessels in their work of restoration, she could also find sufficient ships and men to break up the French settlement on the Newfoundland coast, to lock the Tonquinese army in the interior, to bombard Antananarivo, to capture Kiauchau from the Germans and destroy their East African ports.

In a word, fifteen days had made the position as desperate for the Allies as the inception of the campaign had appeared to render it hopeless for the British.

If Germany and France would accomplish their fell purpose it was a question of now or never.

They resolved that it should be now.

They concentrated their whole remaining resources in warships and transports at Bremerhaven and Cherbourg, straining every nerve to save hours, even minutes, but leaving nothing undone that they thought essential for ultimate success.

By various means—carrier pigeons, harmless looking business messages from England to the United States concealing cleverly arranged codes, unsuspected spies travelling between Harwich and Rotterdam or Dover and Ostend by such vessels as essayed the journey—they obtained accurate intelligence of events in the Midlands.

They knew that von Meissenhofen and Mercier were securely established in their pre-ordained stronghold, and that they carried out their programme as fully as might be expected from the varying fortunes of war.

England was gathering her might to crush the invaders, so this was the time to strike again, cruelly and fiercely, with such unerring certainty that she might sink beneath the blow and succumb, were she encircled by warships.

On Monday, night, therefore, the two flotillas sailed. By cramming men into every available inch of space, a quite feasible matter for so short a voyage, and taking few stores save guns and ammunition, an army of 70,000 artillery and infantry was embarked.

By far the larger proportion of this force quitted Cherbourg, the French navy being so much stronger numerically than the German that it was able to escort many more transports.

Battle-ships, cruisers and torpedo gunboats spread themselves in a vast semicircular line across the Channel, their object being to drive off any too inquisitive British vessel and cloak the movements or even the presence of the transports.

So well did they succeed that beyond reports sent ashore at Portsmouth and Dover warning the authorities of great naval activity on the part of the French, the entire fleet passed unobserved through the Straits and got clear into the North Sea.

Here, in the early morning, they had a rendezvous with the Bremerhaven contingent, and the junction was no sooner effected than they bore up to the north-west, apparently heading straight for the Humber again.

But this time Grimsby and not Goole was their objective. A British gunboat, prowling along in the morning mists, suddenly came upon them.

Her commander was scarcely able to note their numbers, twenty-six warships of all classes, and over forty transports, before he was fired upon by the leading cruisers.

Fortunately his speedy little boat was able to bound off towards Grimsby, and long before he reached that port the signal station at Cleethorpes had interpreted his signals and sent off a warning message to the Admiralty.

At once the Nore Squadron sprang from their moorings like greyhounds released from the slips, whilst a strong division stood out from Portsmouth.

Four cruisers and a gunboat stationed in the Humber were ordered to get out to sea if possible and join the Nore squadron, but in any case not to engage the enemy unless driven back into the river.

Sir Henry Brackenbury was warned of the presence of the transports and instructed to arrange as he thought fit to meet any force which the Allies might succeed in landing.

General Thynne's programme was one of active co-operation with Brackenbury, whilst Harrison and the Duke of Connaught were advised of the new development so that they might be on the alert.

By 8 a.m. the enemy's intentions became clear. They would seize Grimsby and use the port for landing their troops, whilst their fleet would form a cordon round that part of the coast, and endeavour to resist any attempt by the British fleet to interfere with the work of debarkation.

At this stage of the game they missed a great opportunity. The British warships in the Humber were fairly bottled up. It was quite impossible for them to get round Spurn Head in time to escape, and a strong squadron detailed from the allied fleet could have captured or sunk them—probably the latter—before the vessels from the Nore arrived.

But so strict were the orders of the senior French Admiral to devote all his efforts towards safe guarding the debarkation, and so wholesome was his dread of the British Navy, which he half expected to appear out of the very waves, that he allowed the British ships to remain visible but out of range for seven long hours without making the slightest effort to engage them.

Indeed, the allied fleet accomplished another and less difficult task. It tested the *Gustave Zédé*, submarine torpedo boat, under novel conditions.

The inventor reckoned upon making short work of the British fleet when it appeared. Towards that desirable end the novel craft was lowered from the *Amiral Baudin* and submerged. It was not seen again for some weeks.

British divers then discovered that seaweed and mud-banks, items not obtainable in the harbour of Toulon, were jointly responsible for this remarkable disappearance.

The selection of Grimsby as a point of attack showed how accurately the Allies were acquainted with the disposition of the British forces inland.

Sir Henry Brackenbury's army corps lay with its left flank on Chesterfield and its right on Retford, the nearest troops to Grimsby being seventy miles distant as the crow flies.

Fortunately there is a section of the Great Northern Railway between the two towns running almost in a direct line.

The general had a couple of hours in which to make his preliminary arrangements, and he acted with promptitude and skill.

He telegraphed to the Mayor and Chief Constable of Grimsby—there were absolutely no troops, all local lines having long since joined the colours—that it would be best for the inhabitants to stand fast. As no resistance of any sort could be offered they would probably not be molested.

The railway officials were to remove the whole of the rolling stock, particularly engines, southward to Louth, and, if possible, two or three bridges were to be destroyed on that line. In any case, rails were to be removed and points wrecked.

Able-bodied townsmen were asked to take every horse out of the town along the Caistor road and not to halt until they reached the British outposts, when the officer in command would make arrangements.

All policemen and men of military experience who could ride horse or bicycle were to constitute themselves into a corps of scouts, and retire before the enemy on the same road and its minor arteries, destroying bridges if they had the time and means, and blocking the road with fallen trees.

For the rest, the people would do well to keep to their houses and offer no resistance, passive or otherwise, to any demands made upon them, as he guaranteed that the enemy's presence in Grimsby would not be of long duration.

The line to Stollingborough was to be blocked in a similar manner to that leading to Louth.

Before he had entrained a single soldier the British commander received replies from both officials assuring him that his orders were fully understood and would be carried out, the Mayor and Chief Constable stating that they would personally take command of the corps of scouts.

Anyone even slightly acquainted with military tactics, and who takes the trouble to survey the general position on a map, will readily perceive the interpretation placed by Sir Henry on the enemy's probable procedure.

The new arrivals would endeavour to cut straight across country and form a junction with their compatriots, thus breaking the British lines of communication and again dividing England into two halves so far as the east coast was concerned.

The Army of Occupation might be expected to assist in this movement by a vigorous attack from the west, an attack which their great mobility could enable them to deliver in force at any point they chose.

To provide against this operation he asked General Thynne to throw all his available troops southward from Sheffield towards Chesterfield. At the same time he communicated a summary of his dispositions and opinions to the Duke of Connaught and Sir Richard Harrison.

The curious result of these clear-sighted arrangements was that the first shot in the great conflict which was to deluge England with the blood of her sons and her foes during the next forty-eight hours was fired by the Duke of Connaught.

He was most closely in touch with the Peak district, his patrols being always in sight of the enemy's vedettes between Stockport and Marple.

He ordered an immediate advance by all arms, and before noon had engaged the Allies with not less than 30,000 men, whilst brigade after brigade came by train from Manchester, Ashton-under-Lyne and Chester to take part in the attack.

Sir Richard Harrison, too, was busily occupied by two o'clock between Buxton and Fairfield.

The vigour of these two assaults, pressed home against strongly held and entrenched positions, by no means accorded with the views of the high council of war which centred at New Mills.

The British generals were sadly interfering with the

The prolonged, uproarious cheers which greeted the proclamation of the news startled the distant outposts of the enemy.

designs of Von Meissenhofen and Mercier. These latter wanted all the troops they could spare to effect the great coup towards the east, foreseen by Sir Henry Brackenbury, yet here they were with two first-class actions on their hands in the west and south.

Nevertheless, 20,000 men in each locality, skilfully posted and protected by long lines of trenches, must suffice to hold both positions, so, having met this unexpected demand on their resources, they devoted all their energies towards piercing the British lines outside Chesterfield.

Here, however, they encountered a severe though not wholly unexpected check. It was now their turn to attempt to carry entrenchments and fortified crests, to face the fire of masked batteries and come upon unexpected rifle pits.

By this time the militia and volunteers had learnt some of the lessons of the Boer campaign. Officers and men alike realised that though they were ready to die for Queen and

The new muslin work (and a special competition for same) is in HOME NOTES this week.

country they served Queen and country much better by living as long as possible and killing the maximum attainable number of their enemies.

Moreover, as a considerable number of invalided soldiers from the Transvaal were sufficiently recovered, or said they were, to see service again, these men were distributed widely among the different regiments, their knowledge, example and precept being invaluable to the willing novices by whom they were surrounded.

Time after time, hour after hour, did the splendid artillery of the two great Continental powers strive to blast the very face from off the earth as a preparation for a magnificent attack by their best troops, but in each and every case the assailants were rolled back, shattered and defeated to the cover of their guns.

In such a country, cut up into small fields and abounding with coverts, thick hedges and water-courses, cavalry were useless, and advancing infantry were always at a disadvantage.

The British were not to be decoyed into counter-assaults.

They lay or crouched in their allotted positions, fired steadily and without undue hurry or waste, fixed bayonets to repel a desperate charge and lived or died according to the arbitrary choice of fate.

But they never budged.

When night came they were still unshaken, and the Army of Occupation bivouacked where it stood that morning, unable from sheer weariness to venture a night attack and secure from reprisals solely by reason of a like disability on the part of its adversaries.

Similar but not quite such sanguinary conflicts were fought outside Marple and Buxton.

In the first instance, neither the Duke of Connaught nor Sir Richard Harrison had the desperate incentive towards forcing the opposing lines that inspired the Allies; in the second, they were well content to have kept their opponents busy at a time when their energies might have been mischievously employed elsewhere.

It was with very different feelings therefore that the attacking divisions in these two localities saw the night come on apace.

Conscious that they had well-done all that was required of them, the officers and men of the British forces had but one thought—how had their comrades fared in the east?

About ten o'clock came a message from the Commander-in-Chief to the two generals, and its context was at once made known to the troops. It ran:

> "Whilst the enemy were effecting an undisputed landing at Grimsby this afternoon the British fleet from the Nore came up with the hostile squadrons.
>
> "A fierce engagement, unparalleled in modern naval history, ensued, with the glorious result that out of twenty-six foreign warships only three escaped. Our losses were two battle-ships, four cruisers, and a gunboat.
>
> "The whole of the enemy's transport vessels fell into our hands, together with a considerable quantity of stores which they were unable to unload.
>
> "By this action the naval power of the enemy practically ceases to exist in home waters.
>
> "The British fleet is now shelling the country beyond Grimsby, firing over the town, so as to cause the disembarked troops as much loss and inconvenience as possible. To-morrow a landing will be effected if practicable.
>
> "General Brackenbury's forces are concentrated in the neighbourhood of Caistor, where some desultory outpost affairs are the prelude to a heavy engagement at dawn.
>
> "General Thynne has successfully and magnificently repelled all attempts by the enemy's central army to break the British lines north and south of Chesterfield.
>
> "I am in receipt of your detailed telegrams concerning your action to-day and I congratulate all ranks most heartily on the gallantry and spirit they have displayed. I look forward towards sending a similar message to you to-morrow evening."

The prolonged and uproarious cheers which greeted the promulgation of this news startled the distant outposts of the enemy. Not one-tenth of the men of each regiment had heard the actual intelligence, but the majority yelled because their comrades did, and they rightly assumed that if those who did know the facts thought it the correct thing to shout it was equally correct for those who didn't.

Perhaps, in the hostile lines, there were some few shrewd enough to guess the cause of the commotion in the British camp, and, if so, they must have recognised in the outburst the tocsin of their own doom.

By degrees, copies of Lord Wolseley's telegram was handed about among the men and each little knot had its own comments to make thereon.

"D'ye notice, bhoys," said a Clare militiaman, "that he calls th' inimy a 'centhral arrmy' an' not an arrmy av occupation?"

"He would see them hanged first," was the unanimous verdict.

"Faith, the divil will foind them occupation enough thin," laughed Pat.

Throughout the night Sir Henry Brackenbury's advance guard kept the new host of invaders in a state of irritating restlessness.

Guided by policemen, game-keepers and farmers—men who knew every field path and hedgerow—they sniped the Allies unmercifully, at times contenting themselves with stalking a picket, but occasionally banding together and emptying their magazines into a bivouac, causing much more disturbance than actual loss, but continually obliging whole brigades to fall in, in order to repel an imaginary attack.

To pursue such assailants was a hopeless task in an unknown and difficult country.

Shortly after midnight the moon rose, and the sniping now took a different form. Many an unfortunate Frenchman or German was shot down by a Briton who had no more knowledge of his existence than was afforded by the glint of his fixed bayonet or the shimmer of a moonbeam on glazed *kepi* or spiked *pickelhaube*.

To put a stop to this species of torture the invaders sent out strong cavalry patrols, but this cost them more lives and valuable horses, and they possessed very few of these animals.

They had perforce to rest content with concealing their sentries and trying to entrap some of their persistent tormentors, who positively refused to be drawn.

Thus ended their first lesson in sniping, and they found the tuition to be most drastic.

At the first gleam of day both armies were astir. The conflict at Chesterfield was also resumed at the same hour, but the sounds of battle were not audible at such a distance, and the Grimsby host were dependent solely upon their confidence in the determination of their compatriots.

All through the night, of course, Sir Henry Brackenbury received constant reinforcements from London. Every gun that could be supplied by Woolwich or spared by the Admiralty was forwarded to him.

Special interest centred in four 6-inch naval guns, carried on powerful railway trucks, but mounted on detachable carriages with broad-tyred wheels.

These were accompanied by a traction engine and a 40-ton steam crane.

About 2 a.m. they were lifted off their trucks at Holton Station and dragged a couple of miles along the hilly road to Nettleton, a small village about a mile south of Caistor.

The gallant old veteran stuck to his post all day.

Here a retired artillery major assured the naval officer in command that a magnificent position, commanding the whole of the enemy's territory, could be secured at a country cross-road a mile to the east, the only drawback being its somewhat close proximity to the allied lines.

Sir Henry Brackenbury was consulted and he authorised the immediate dispatch of a couple of brigades to entrench the hill side leading down from this elevated spot.

By this means, and by the prompt utilisation of the material from some farm buildings, the naval gunners were able to mount such a battery before daybreak as never yet formed part of the equipment of a field force.

The hollow immediately behind formed a perfect shelter for traction engine and ammunition waggons, whilst the infantry rifle-pits prevented any chance of the position being rushed.

When objects became visible the correct judgment of the ex-major was fully justified. The gallant old veteran never quitted the place all day, excitement and joy rendering him twenty years younger.

For his services in this matter and in connection with another development later in the day he was subsequently promoted to a colonelcy, with the increased pension of his rank. He consolidated the increased pension and built a house on the site of the battery.

The gunners, with the aid of an ordnance map, and by utilising local knowledge to identify places, had every range to an inch.

They opened the ball with a preliminary salvo right into the mass of the enemy fully six miles distant, creating an immense sensation thereby among the Continental scientists.

Once the action commenced their chief duty was to engage the allied artillery.

(*To be continued.*)

HOST (who has spilt some tea over a lady's dress): "So sorry—luckily none of it has gone on to the carpet."

BOBBY: "Father, does 'missive' mean a letter?"
Fond Parent: "Yes, Bobby."
Bobby: "And does 'sub' mean under?"
Fond Parent: "Right, Bobby."
Bobby: "Then 'submissive' must mean a postscript, mustn't it, father?"

A SHOPKEEPER wrote to one of his customers as follows:

"I am able to offer you cloth like the inclosed sample at half-a-crown a yard. In case I do not hear from you, I shall conclude that you wish to pay only two shillings a yard. In order to lose no time, I accept the last-mentioned price."

"I SUPPOSE," said the woman who had sampled every kind of sweets she could reach by thrusting her arm over the protective railing and finally had bargained for threepennyworth of butterscotch, "all this is adulterated. You couldn't sell it so cheap if it wasn't."

"Yes, ma'am," returned the salesman, solemnly, "it's all adulterated. That butterscotch you're getting, for instance, has mighty little butter in it, and not a drop of Scotch."

PEARSON'S

FREE FORTNIGHT IN PARIS.

ON May 26th we shall send someone to Paris, to stay there a fortnight, and see the wonders and the glories of the Exhibition and the City. Every other week after that we shall pick out some trade or business and give our free trip to that lucky individual who happens to be chosen by our readers as the most popular amongst them.

HOW YOU CAN GO.

Our first offer is to

CLERKS
(including Lady Clerks)

who are not earning more than four pounds a week.

If you are a clerk in this position fill in the voting paper below.

Collect voting papers from your friends, or get them to send them to us on your behalf. If you are a popular person no doubt your friends will, in some cases, send in unknown to you. Therefore do not be afraid to send to us what appears to be an insignificant number of votes. You may vote for yourself, of course.

The clerk who receives the greatest number of votes will be the winner, even if we only receive half-a-dozen in his favour.

In the case of a tie both will be sent to Paris. The only condition we attach to this offer is that the lucky individual shall send us a report upon his return, saying what his impressions have been, and what he has learnt in his own particular business that he did not know before.

WHAT WE SHALL DO.

Every other week we shall make this offer to the members of some particular business or industry.

We shall make it to those whom we think it will benefit.

We shall make it to those who might not be able to afford the expense themselves.

The Pearson Tourist will not be put to one pennyworth of personal expense.

We will pay all travelling expenses (second class) from home to home, even from the north of Scotland, or from Land's End.

We will pay all hotel bills.

An interpreter, in whom we have every confidence, will meet each Pearsonite in Paris, and, if necessary, be absolutely at his disposal whenever wanted.

We do not bind the winner to go at any stated time. He can suit his own convenience entirely.

GOOD ADVICE WORTH REMEMBERING.

Don't waste the voting paper appearing to-day. Please see if there is not someone who wants it.

If you want to know anything, send us a reply post-card, and we will give you an answer by return of post.

The Editor's decision must be final. He will admit no discussion once he has made an award.

Pearson's
FREE FORTNIGHT
in Paris.

CLERKS. **No. 2.**

I should like to register my vote in favour of

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Fill this coupon in to-day, and post it to us.

THIS IS THE LAST OFFER TO CLERKS.

A Competition similar to this appears to-day in the *Illustrated Weekly News*, only the offer is made to

THOSE CONNECTED WITH THE BREWING TRADE.

Voting papers should be sent to us at once. Don't forget that we will advertise every day in the *Daily Express* the names of the ten persons who head the poll.

To any reader of "Pearson's Weekly" who thinks of going to the exhibition, we shall be happy to send our Shilling Guide to Paris post free to any address for six penny stamps.

SERPENT STORMS AND SPIDER SHOWERS

HOW NATURE "PAINTS THE TOWN RED" AND LANDS FISH IN YOUR OWN BACK GARDEN.

THE witty Yankee who gave it as his opinion that we Britishers had no weather to speak of, merely "samples," had no doubt a certain amount of justification for his cutting summary of the British climate. Nevertheless, extraordinary though our climatic freaks undoubtedly are, they come in reality very low down in the scale of Nature's atmospheric fireworks, as witness the phenomena which follow.

In August, 1892, the worthy villagers of Bjelina, in Bosnia, were not a little amazed to find their streets and back gardens suddenly invaded by a huge multitude of fish. The fish, which were mostly of the whiting order, fell to the accompaniment of a severe north-westerly thunderstorm. Strangely enough, they were "alive and kicking"; so much so indeed, that the delighted Bosnians not only ate them for breakfast, but also for dinner and supper.

Meanwhile they openly proclaimed the miracle as an up-to-date edition of the manna which fell for the delectation of the Israelites. Indeed, they might eventually have turned Bjelina into a Bosnian Lourdes, had not the cold eye of the scientist been speedily focussed upon the scene of the alleged miracle. Then it was discovered that the fish were of a salt water order, and that there had recently been water spouts in the Adriatic, many miles distant. Putting two and two together, the scientists quashed the miracle by deciding that the fish had originally been

RAISED IN THE WATER SPOUTS

and carried by strong atmospheric currents inland, until they had been gently dropped at Bjelina. A similar fish shower is stated to have occurred at Cranstead, Kent, in the year of the great fire of London.

Considerably less pleasant was the experience of a party of Irish immigrants who, some thirty-five years since, were threading their painful way across the torrid plains of Arizona. The day had been intensely hot, and the whole party was well-nigh dropping from exhaustion, when suddenly a low rumbling sound was heard, as if of a distant locomotive. Immediately the dead-beat cattle showed signs of intense restiveness and uneasiness. A moment later a dark funnel-shaped cloud seemed to spring out of the trackless waste a few miles ahead of them, and bore down upon them at the rate of an express train.

By a miracle the little party escaped personal injuries by throwing themselves flat upon their faces; but their baggage was hurled half a mile away, whilst their four horses were all badly injured by the falling debris. Worse, however, was to come.

No sooner did the unfortunate colonists come to look around them, than they were horrified to find themselves surrounded by scores of poisonous young rattlesnakes. These reptiles had evidently been caught by the storm from one of their numerous sunning grounds, and subsequently dropped right across the colonists' route. Happily for them, the snakes were either dead or half stunned by their experience; but the fright of those few minutes blanched the hair of one of the men perfectly white, and temporarily turned another

INTO A GIBBERING IDIOT.

Another curious natural freak is that which, for want of a better name, we will call a "spider shower." It is not often that one has the opportunity of witnessing one. So long ago as 1832, when Darwin was some sixty miles off the La Plata River in H.M.S. *Beagle*, he observed a shower of this description descending upon the ship. In all, such showers must consist of hundreds of thousands, possibly even millions, of the tiny insect known as the gossamer spider.

This little chap is a bit of a mystery. He is our earliest parachutist, for by means of the filmy threads of gossamer spun by him he is enabled to travel, as though in the car of a balloon, upon the faintest suspicion of a breath of wind. He is given to travelling in company, and it was the unexpected descent of one of his army corps that so surprised the great naturalist.

Once the hitherto invisible army of spiders determines to descend, the air suddenly grows thick, as though with a yellowish fog. Down it comes, until its real nature is suddenly disclosed by the thick yellow carpet of busy little insects that cover every square inch of the surrounding objects, whilst their gossamer-like threads weave themselves in the most picturesque confusion over everything near. It is scarcely a pleasant experience, especially for those who do not love spiders. But it is quite harmless. The insects rest themselves—this, indeed, seems to be the real cause of their descent—once more spread their tiny films, and float off much as they came, whither, goodness knows.

These showers, although exceedingly rare, are exceedingly ancient. Chaucer seems to have known them, for he evidently alludes to something of the sort in his old nursery rhyme:

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"Oh! whither, oh! whither, oh! whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky."

Curious as these instances undoubtedly are, they are by no means the only queer showers on record. Indeed, although the normal constituents of a rain-cloud should undoubtedly be colourless, they have frequently transgressed this rule in the most alarming fashion.

On May 4th, 1882, an area of three or four miles in diameter, over the parish of Edrom, in Berwickshire, was suddenly visited with a deluge of black rain, a visitation which was repeated later thirty miles away in the parish of Ashkirk. A subsequent analysis of the water revealed but little as to its true origin. It was certified that the blackness was due to "certain organic and carbonaceous particles in mechanical suspension"; also that so much as ten tons of solid matter must have fallen upon every hundred acres. Beyond this, however, science was silent, and, so far as we are aware, the exact cause of the black rain of Berwickshire remains to this day a mystery. A similar shower fell at Montreal at the beginning of the present century, whilst the curious spectacle of a snowstorm with black flakes was once witnessed at Dicken Peterzell, in Geneva.

Nor is red rain by any means uncommon. It is generally caused by the presence of tiny animalculæ, or mineral dust, in the air through which the rain has fallen. As the result of the microscopical examination of a "blood" shower that

ONCE FELL AT BRISTOL,

it was found that the ruddy appearance was due to ivy berry seeds, whilst the presence of a red earth dust once produced a red snowstorm in Carniola, Germany. A huge tract of Arctic country, "the crimson cliffs of Sir John Ross," is also covered with a distinctive coating of red snow.

Even the comparatively rare—in England—hailstorm can add its quota to Nature's curiosity shop. Most of us have heard of the extraordinary pains taken by the Italian vineyard proprietors to ward off the local hailstorms, even to the extent of bombarding the gathering clouds by means of specially constructed cannon. Few, however, realise the terrific power of some of these foreign hailstorms.

In September, 1856, a huge strip of country near Florence was absolutely devastated by hailstones, varying between ¾lb. and 1lb. in weight. A similar storm, four miles wide, visited Iowa on August 7th, 1883; destroyed all vegetation, blocked several trains—it lay in many places five feet deep—severely wounded a large number of people, and actually killed one unfortunate woman who was struck upon the head. Similar disasters visited Graz in Austria on August 21st, 1890, and a huge tract of country in New South Wales on October 13th, 1892. In the latter case the stones were as much as 6in. in diameter, and at Tulcumbah, N.S.W., actually

PIERCED THE CORRUGATED IRON ROOFS

of several farm sheds.

Like rain, hail occasionally descends in a coloured state. In 1880 a large number of red and blue hailstones fell in Minsk, Russia; and five years later, in May, 1885, Castlewellan, Ireland, was the recipient of a considerable sprinkling of red hailstones. Hail of an orange red also descended in Tuscany on March 14th, 1873. In the case of the blue stones, the colouring has been ascertained to be due to the presence of the salts of such metals as cobalt and nickel, a fact which rather favours the supposition that the stones originated somewhere outside our own atmosphere.

Finally, perhaps the most unpleasant of all is the "mud" storm of "foreign parts." It usually occurs in countries such as the Transvaal, which are afflicted with that temper-trying terror, the "dust storm." In the midst of a "dust storm" it starts to rain furiously, and—there you are, don't you know. It is also frequently caused by our old friend the water-spout.

A shower of the latter description occurred at Onaga, upon the Union Pacific Railway, on April 4th, 1872, whilst a somewhat similar infliction bedraggled fashionable Simla for several days a few seasons back. In the American visitation the whole town looked as though it had been liberally besprinkled with stale mustard, owing to the fact that the "spout" which caused it had sucked up a huge bank of semi-liquid clay.

"IT must be more discouraging to fight a coloured pugilist than a white one."

"Why so?"

"Because when you give him a black eye you don't know it."

"MY brain is on fire," tragically exclaimed Mrs. Bobkins as she threw herself down upon the sofa.

"Why don't you blow it out?" absent-mindedly replied Mr. Bobkins, deeply absorbed in the evening newspaper. And then he dodged a flying hairbrush.

Rather a Tall Story.

Two sailors noticed that a shark was following their ship. Not knowing how to get rid of it they threw a chair overboard.

The shark swallowed this, but still followed.

The sailors then threw a box of oranges overboard to it.

The shark swallowed this, and still followed.

The men seemed completely beaten for a moment what to do, until one of them said that those on board should draw lots for who had to satisfy the shark.

It fell to an old woman; so the sailors tossed her overboard, and the shark ate her at one bite.

This did not content the fish, which still followed; so the sailors harpooned it, and dragged it on board.

On opening it they found to their surprise the old woman sitting on the chair, selling oranges "three a penny."

Some of the Advantages of Being Ill.

THERE may appear to be a speck of Hibernianism in speaking of the advantages of being ill. But there are worse places than an invalid's chamber, and more unwelcome visitors in the world than doctors.

A thorough long rest physically does a person no harm; and in this age of competition, a man will not always stay himself and his energies to accomplish this hygienic purpose, unless he is thoroughly beaten by a severe attack of illness.

Then there are mental advantages arising from a state of prostration. A sick man is often prone to think. Not only are his reflective faculties stimulated when lying in bed away from the ordinary business cares of life, but they are sometimes turned into different channels of thought. His sense of perception, too, is often excited.

Exhausted with mental speculation, an invalid will occasionally interest himself by noticing every diminutive thing about his room. Every little bird or insect that frisks about the windows, or every cloud that sails silently past, becomes an object of keen interest. Many men have never known what numerous and charming *bric-à-brac* have adorned their rooms until they have had a good dose of sickness, and a strict medical order not to go out of doors.

It is probable too, that the mind will become actuated with various new ideas, as a result of reflections during medical confinement. A reader of *P.W.* is now placing a patent on the market which he worked out whilst lying in a public infirmary. There seems every possibility of him making a large fortune out of it, though, heretofore, he was not aware that he was possessed of the inventive faculty; and as he is forty years of age, it is probable that he never would have found this out, had his mind not sometimes sought to interest itself in mental adventure during his illness.

We Pay £2000 Insurance

475 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.
(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of **£2,000**—not for one only. **£2,000** specially guaranteed by the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

N.B.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

You never know what to expect in THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS—always some new startling features that are of special interest.

Naval Punishments in the "Good Old Days."

IN what is known as the "Good old days" there were many more comfortable berths to be had than that of a sailor in Her Majesty's Navy.

Whether you were forced into the Navy by the press-gang, or joined of your own accord, the same severe discipline was meted out.

It is within the recollection of some of our retired admirals that the serious crime of striking a superior officer, which now, as a general rule, is considered sufficiently punished with a year or so of imprisonment, was, during the earlier part of the century which we are now winding up, punished capitally.

In 1829 a seaman of H.M.S. *Druid* was tried by court-martial for making use of mutinous expressions towards a lieutenant of that ship, and also with striking a sergeant. The case was fully proved, and the award of the Court was death. He was recommended to mercy, however, and was subsequently transported for life.

Up to 1847 there were many cases of men being sentenced to death, a good number being reprieved, and when capital punishment was done away with the cat made its appearance on the scene, and was regarded as scarcely less severe than death itself.

Punishments of 100 lashes were given with a free hand, the following list showing the treatment of men by court-martial during the first half of this century.

March 11th, 1831.—Desertion—50 lashes; mulct of all pay due; and to be discharged from the service with disgrace.

February 20th, 1832.—Mutinous and insulting language to superior officer—50 lashes; mulct of all pay due; dismissed the service.

September 21st, 1835.—Drunkenness and insubordination—100 lashes; discharged with disgrace.

June 28th, 1836.—Disobedience of orders, neglect of duty and contempt—50 lashes; discharged with disgrace; 18 months' imprisonment.

March 25th, 1839.—Mutinous and contemptuous behaviour—100 lashes round the fleet; one year's imprisonment.

June 29th, 1841.—Striking superior officer—100 lashes; to be mulct of all pay and prize money due and to be discharged from the service.

January 5th, 1844.—Desertion—100 lashes.

March 13th, 1847.—Desertion—50 lashes; 12 months' hard labour.

Mamma Had Been Watching.

"MARTHA," said the wise mother, "I desire an explanation."

"Explanation of what?" answered the demure maiden.

"I recall," returned the wise mother, "that the buckle to your belt broke while you were dressing this evening, and you fixed it with pins."

"But what of that?" inquired the demure maiden.

"And I noticed," went on the wise mother, "that when Mr. Fitzmaurice left this evening one of his hands was carefully bandaged in a pocket-handkerchief."

He Was on the Look-out.

AMONG the passengers in a crowded omnibus was a five-year-old boy, who sat on the knee of one of the passengers.

While on the way something was said about pick-pockets, and soon the conversation became general on that subject.

The gentleman on whose knee the little boy was seated remarked:

"My little fellow, how easily I could pick your pockets!"

"No, you couldn't," he replied, "for I've been watching you all the time."

How Words are Coined.

WITHIN the last fifty years over 60,000 words and phrases have crept into the English language, some of them but for an ephemeral existence, while others, which only a short time ago were classed as slang or vulgarisms, are to-day permanent parts of the language.

Unless the origin of a slang word is known it is almost impossible to tell how long it has been in use.

Slang words which originate in different parts of the country naturally have their own peculiar significance, but after they have travelled a few hundred miles, the meaning changes.

The word "bogus," meaning counterfeit or false, was once looked upon as a slang word. Its origin is somewhat peculiar.

Over half a century ago, a man named Borghese made himself notorious by drawing bills on fictitious banks. His name was commonly called Bogus, and his bills, as well as others of a similar character, were universally styled bogus currency.

You Can't Taste Your Food Unless You See It.

A BLINDFOLDED MAN CAN'T TELL TEA FROM COFFEE.

IT would now seem from experiments, which have recently taken place, that we do not taste many of the things which we eat at our daily meals. It is asserted confidently that we merely smell them.

If the nose is tightly closed in the ordinary man and he is blindfolded, he will not be able to distinguish coffee from water or a weak solution of quinine. This has been proved by experiments made on many persons.

Common coffee was said to be water, it was also said to be quinine. Water was said to be coffee. Tea was called coffee. Turkey was called pork. Raw apple was called grape juice. Malt extract was sherry wine. Lard was pronounced butter. In short, experienced persons were unable to distinguish many common foods and drinks when sensations of smell were removed, and the conclusion was reached that a person might even practice economy in eating by merely blindfolding the eyes and substituting lard, pork and beef, for butter, turkey and venison, while if the further precaution was taken to close the nose, a very weak solution of quinine would pass for good coffee, and vinegar for the most costly wine.

One of the persons experimented upon was an anosmic—that is, absolutely devoid of the sense of smell. The experimenter was thus enabled to determine which sensations were those of taste and which were smell. Experiments were made also on normal subjects, and some of the results were surprising.

There are only four simple taste sensations, namely, sweet, bitter, sour, and salt. It is said by some that there are only two, sweet and bitter. All other sensations which are commonly called tastes are complex results of sensation of smell, touch, temperature, and sight.

The means by which we distinguish almost all of our common foods and drinks is not the sense of taste so much as it is the sense of smell, touch, temperature, and sight.

All the fine differences by which we distinguish the various fruits, meats, and drinks depend not upon taste at all, but upon these other senses. Pure sensations of taste add hardly more than a certain emotional element to the complex sensations.

38 MILLIONS OF LEMONS

Were used last year in the Manufacture of "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade. The Manufacturers of "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade are the largest users of Lemons in the world for making Lemonade. "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade is made from Messina Lemons, the finest Lemons in the World; the great advantage is, that it is partly manufactured right in the midst of the Lemon Orchards. The method employed in the manufacture of "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade not only secures the finest Lemonade it is possible to make, but enables it to be sold at the remarkable price of

TWO GALLONS FOR 4½d.

If you should have any difficulty in obtaining "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade, a

FREE SAMPLE

sufficient to make one pint, or a 4½d. bottle sufficient to make two gallons, can be obtained direct from the Manufacturers, G. Foster Clark & Co., 27 "Eiffel Tower" Factory, Maidstone. It is more satisfactory to write for a 4½d. bottle, as the bottles being air-tight, usually make up rather better than the free sample.

300 BOTTLES ARE GIVEN AWAY WEEKLY.

The firm has adopted the following novel method to induce everybody to try their Lemonade. The first fifty letters opened every day not only have the Lemonade sent by return post, but the stamps are also returned to the fortunate applicants.

Insist upon having "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade when you ask for it.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

10/6 BY PARCEL POST. 10/6

Allen Foster & Co.

SOLE MAKERS OF THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES

Buy Direct at FIRST COST from the Leading Firm of London Manufacturers.

10/6

Design No. 256.

Design No. 256. 10/6.

Ladies' Chesterfield Coat and Skirt, cut in the latest shape, and made in all the shades of Allen Foster & Co.'s Venetian Cloth, or in their Specialite Serge—two splendid wearing fabrics. The coat can be worn open or closed. The skirt is cut full, with inverted pleat at back. Price only Half-a-Guinea. Carriage paid 6d. extra. The coat can be lined throughout for 2/6 extra; and skirt lined good Linenette, 2/6 extra.

Design No. 261. 10/6.

This is quite an up-to-date design. It has a short coat pointed in front, and fitting close at back. Velvet collar, and nicely made and stitched. The skirt is made in the latest approved shape. Produced in the two grand cloths, the Specialite Serge & Venetian Cloth. Price only Half-a-guinea.

Marvellous Value!

This coat and skirt makes an splendidly in Allen Foster & Co's new Melton Coating, price 17/6 (patterns free). Any Costume securely packed and sent carriage paid, 6d. extra.

Business Hours: 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

10/6

Design 261.

10/6

Design No. 210.

HALF-A-GUINEA.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO. call special attention to this Costume. The style is most attractive and extremely ladylike, and represent the best value in Costumes obtainable for Half-a-Guinea. It is made in the two excellent cloths, the Specialite Serge and Venetian Cloth; all colours. There is lining in bodice and sleeves. It has a full-pleated front, and is trimmed with good Velveteen and Beaded Gimp on bodice and collar. The skirt is well-made and finished. A great bargain for 10/6. Carriage paid 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6, carriage paid, 5d. extra. In sending order, please give following measurements: round bust (under arms), inside sleeves, size of waist, and length of skirt in front.

5/6

Design No. 318.

Design No. 318. 5/6.

The fashionable Costume Skirt of the Season. Made in Allen Foster & Co.'s Venetian Cloth, and also in their celebrated Specialite Serge. All colours and sizes kept in stock. This Skirt is well made, and cut to drape gracefully. It has the new box-pleated back. Grand Value for 5/6. Carriage paid, 5d. extra.

Black Alpaca Skirt at 3/6 is also splendid value.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Allen Foster & Co.'s Illustrated Sketch Book & Catalogue will be sent post free together with patterns and self-measurement form, on application. This sketch book gives illustrations of leading lines of Ladies' Indoor and Outdoor Costumes from Half-a-Guinea and upwards. Muslin and Piqué Dresses, Costume Skirts, White and Coloured Underskirts, Cycling Skirts, Blouses, Shirts, Corsets, &c. Write at once for this list of Bargains. Prompt attention paid to all letter orders. Money returned if goods not approved.

Design No. 318.

Colours in Specialite Serge and Venetian Cloth are: Black, Navy, Grey, Fawn, Brown, Myrtle, Purple Electric, New Blue, Cardinal, Dark Grey, &c. Any length cut at 1/3 per yd. 56 in. wide. Patterns Post Free.

Regular Stock sizes of Costumes are 34, 36, and 38 in. round bust (under arms). The Skirt being 38, 40, and 42 in. long in front. Larger and Special sizes to customer's own measurements, 1/6 extra.

Ladies are invited to call at our New Show Rooms and inspect our goods. Costumes and Mantles of every Description and Price

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., The London Manufacturers,

47 GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, LONDON, E.C.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Potatoes should always be boiled in the same sauce-pan, otherwise their colour is apt to be spoiled.

Chicken Dripping is excellent for cakes. Clarify it well with boiling water, and it is as good or better than butter.

To Renovate Your Black Chip Hat, rub it with a very little salad oil, and then with a piece of used black velvet till all trace of the oil is removed. (*Reply to* ELEANOR.)

Banana Fritters. Cut each banana in half, lengthwise, after peeling; place it in a plate and squeeze over it lemon juice, and scatter sugar over. Soak them for an hour. Drain dry, dredge with flour, dip into a good frying batter, drop into boiling lard, and cook till a golden brown. (*Reply to* R. F.)

Lemon Kali. Take half a pound of caster sugar, a quarter of a pound each of tartaric acid and carbonate of soda, and thirty drops of essence of lemon. Add the essence to the sugar, then mix in the other powders; stir altogether and pass twice through a wire sieve. Keep in well corked bott'es, and be careful not to put a damp spoon into it. (*Reply to* T. Q. M.).

A Good Frying Batter for Fish is prepared as follows: Put four ounces of flour into a basin, with half a teaspoonful of salt. Stir in gradually a tablespoonful of salad oil and one gill of tepid water. Beat two whites of eggs to a stiff froth and stir them lightly into the flour. Let the batter stand for two hours in a cool place and beat it up again before using. (*Reply to* H. WILLIAMS.)

To Destroy Cockroaches. Set a trap each night prepared as follows: Into a quart of water put a large spoonful of treacle and pour all into a tin wash-basin. Round the basin arrange strips of firewood, an old piece of carpet, or anything the pest can travel on. They will eagerly go down into the water and wait for you. Scatter borax and insect powder in their haunts, and in washing shelves, etc., always add turpentine to the water. (*Reply to* BARMOUTH.)

To Clean Oil Paintings. Take some old potatoes, peel and cut in half. Rub the potato over the painting, moistening it with a very little water. Then cut a slice off the potato, and continue rubbing. As you go on, the lather should be wiped off with a very clean, very soft wet sponge. When the whole surface is thoroughly rubbed, it should be rinsed with clear water, just lukewarm, and then with clean cloths, finally polish with the softest of dusters or an old silk handkerchief. (*Reply to* K. B.)

Dried Green Peas should soak at least twelve hours in cold water before being cooked. After soaking, drain dry, pick out any discoloured ones, place in a sauce-pan, add a piece of butter the size of a filbert, pepper and salt, and fill up the sauce-pan with water. Cook till the peas are perfectly soft, which will probably be a couple of hours. If you wish the colour to be very green, add a small piece of soda to the water. Drain dry, place in a stew-pan with a piece of butter, chopped parsley, and a squeeze of lemon juice, and when all is very hot, serve. (*Reply to* A. NICK.)

THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT.

THE short, smart coats of the moment, although undeniably becoming to some, are certainly unsuitable for others. Moreover, many of us are loth to crush our best summer blouses beneath these coatees, as they are called. A really pretty visiting cape is then the one thing needful, and if you are thinking of having a garment of this kind you cannot do better than invest in this week's *Home Notes*, with which is presented the model of the smart little cape shown in the margin. The yoke and collar are made in one, and below the yoke a foundation is placed for the three curved frills. The cape is of gray cloth with a lining of pale blue, so, as may be imagined, the effect is dainty in the extreme. The yoke might appropriately be covered with blue silk, the lace guipure shown in the sketch being added afterwards.

Diet Bread Cake. Take four ounces of fine flour, half a pound of powdered sugar, eight drops of lemon essence, and four eggs. Beat all together for twenty minutes, pour into a square, well-buttered tin, and place greased paper over the top. Bake in a sharp oven.

As Your Tapestry Covers are Faded, I should advise your carefully unpicking them, and, if the pattern is reversible, turn it. If this is not the case, have the covers dyed by some good firm and put them on carefully again. (*Reply to* HILL.)

Milk Lemonade is greatly appreciated by some people, and is easily prepared. Dissolve four ounces of loaf sugar in half a gill of boiling water, then add a gill of sherry and the juice of two lemons. Stir well together and then add three-quarters of a pint of new milk. Stir well and then strain through a jelly-bag till clear.

A Dainty Bread Pudding. Cut away the crusts from the bread and place it in a basin, cover with hot milk, and let it soak for an hour. Then beat it up with a fork till all is light, and remove any lumps. For each one pint and a half of milk used, throw in two ounces of flour, four ounces of chopped suet, two ounces of sugar, one ounce of chopped candied peel, two ounces of currants, two ounces of sultanas (both carefully cleaned and picked), and a teaspoonful of ground ginger. Mix all together with the hands, add two beaten eggs, and place in a buttered mould, cover with greased paper, and steam for two hours and a half. Turn out to serve, and pour round a good sweet sauce.

Swiss Baskets make a dainty sweet. Take two eggs, their weight in caster sugar, butter, and fine sifted flour. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the eggs (one at a time), and beat for fully ten minutes. Gradually add the flour, in which a little baking powder should be mixed. Grease some small castle pudding tins, half fill with this mixture, and bake in a very quick oven for ten minutes. Place on a sieve to cool, and then scoop out some of the inside. Brush over with dissolved apricot jam, and roll in desiccated cocoanut. Cut some slices of candied peel or angelica, and fasten on for handles. Have a little flavoured and sweetened whipped cream ready, fill each basket with this, and scatter chopped fruit over. (*Reply to* NANTWICH.)

Certainly, Have Your Blankets Washed at Home. I have mine done by degrees, three or four a week while the weather is fine, till all are done. To do this shred a pound of soap up finely, place it in an old saucepan, add half a gallon of water, and boil it till a jelly; place it in a pan, and add another half a gallon of water to it. When you wish to wash, take half the soap, and add it to quite four gallons of warm water with one ounce of liquid ammonia. Wash the blankets in this, rinse in more water just made opaque with soap. Wring as dry as possible, and hang in rather a windy place. Each night fold the blankets up carefully, place in the hot kitchen, and put on the line in the morning till quite dry and aired. (*Reply to* DODO.)

Oxtail a la Paysanne. Procure two tails, divide them into joints, cook for ten minutes in boiling water, and then drain. Cut up two slices of fat bacon, put it in a stew-pan, and when hot add the pieces of tail. Turn about for a few minutes, and then add two small onions stuck with four cloves, two carrots sliced, six peppercorns and a bouquet garni; cover with hot stock or water. Let it boil up and skim carefully, then set the pan at the side of the fire, and simmer gently for two hours when the meat should be quite tender. Place the meat on a hot dish with the vegetables, strain the liquor and thicken some of it with a piece of butter rolled in flour, season and colour it, and boil up. Pour round the meat and serve with some chopped capers over the meat. In summer one pint of shelled peas can be added to the stew half-an-hour before serving.

Two Tasty Ways of Serving Mackerel. Take the first you wish to use, wash, and cut open, removing the bones as far as possible. Mix together some fine breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, a suspicion of chopped onion, salt, pepper, and some grated cheese. Grease a baking-tin and on it put a thin layer of the crumbs, etc., lay the fish on this skin downwards. Sprinkle over it some lemon juice, cover with more seasoned crumbs, and over all place little pieces of butter or clarified dripping. Place in a moderate oven, and bake for about thirty-five minutes. Another way is to scald the fish in salted water; when drained, cut it open, form into fillets. Place on a greased baking-tin, season with pepper and salt, and pour over a little run butter, baste constantly till the fish is quite cooked. Place each fillet on a piece of toast the same size, pour white sauce over, and serve at once.

Isobel

1900. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.
S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26
M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 5 12 19 26	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27
T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28
W 3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	W 7 14 21 28	W 4 11 18 25	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29
T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30
F 5 12 19 26	F 2 9 16 23	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 6 13 20 27	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24 31
S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25

HINTS TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Under this heading we reply to letters upon subjects connected with the investment of money. Careful consideration is given to every question submitted to us. Letters to be answered in the next possible issue must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, and be addressed to the Investment Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THOSE who purchase shares in sound industrial companies at the present time must bear in mind that not only is the yield considerable, but there is the advantage that a rise in price is almost certain when business becomes more active and money is cheaper.

WE might mention that the Mount Yagahong Exploraton Company's report has been issued since the shares were recommended in *P.W.*, and those who bought will now be assured that they have put their money in a sound company. The shares are still worth consideration, though not so cheap as when first recommended.

To those who require a substantial return on their money, Hovis Bread Preference yield £7 10s. per cent., and this after an even bigger yield on the Ordinary. Hotchkiss Ordnance Ordinary have previously been referred to, but it is also well worth pointing to the Preference, which yield a sound 5½ per cent., and are likely to go higher. Kodak Preference yield 5 per cent. after a yield of 7½ per cent. to the ordinary shareholders.

HOME RAILS are in most cases cheaper at time of writing than they have been for three years. But it is to be hoped that this fact will not prove alluring to small investors, for Home Rails are likely to prove a source of little comfort to shareholders during the next few months. We are now well into the half year, and it is to be feared that the statistics so far are not satisfactory. The rate of progress is disappointing, in fact, quite behind the increasing expenditure. The price of necessaries remains as high as ever, a fact that every paterfamilias will appreciate when he has to pay his coal bill. Strenuous endeavours are made by managers to reduce expenses, but these only result in pettifogging economies. An examination of figures can but convince the student that all are unsatisfactory, with the sole exception of the North Eastern.

THOSE who can afford to do so should study the position of Peruvian Corporation Debenture bonds at 55. The yield is 5½ per cent. with a 3 per cent interest, and as experts are agreed in looking for payment of a 4 per cent interest next year, that will mean a yield of 7½ per cent. on the present price. To the same class of comparatively well-to-do investors a glance at the list of Argentine railway companies is recommended. There are several worth consideration.

REGARDING our recent hints as to the examination of a prospectus, a correspondent asks whether there is any rule by which "good will" can be reckoned. The answer is that prospective investors must use their common business instincts on this point. With the nett profits set forth year by year for at least three years it is not very difficult to judge whether too much has been asked for "goodwill." If it is any help to our correspondent we may point out that in most flotations, vendors ask excessive prices for "goodwill."

THE Ordinary stocks of the Central Argentine Railway yield at the present time nearly 5½ per cent. The profits of the current year are not unlikely to be greater than in 1899, so that there is chance of a rise in Central Argentines. On the other hand there is always the risk of a bad crop, which means that investment in the Ordinary stock is of necessity a gamble to some extent. But to those who care to take the risk Argentine Central Ordinary stocks if speculative are a decidedly good gamble.

PERSONAL ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

T. F.—We do not care for the system of the National Benefit Trust.——G. C.—You can do better than the British Homes Assurance.——C. E. G.—The "Star" Life Assurance is a good office.——"Gamma."—Do not buy British America Corporations.——W. J. C. (Coventry).—We do not care for the society's system.——A. T.—We do not care for the society's system.——J. H. C.—We do not advise you to hold these shares.——G. F. W.—Britannia Works Ordinary are a fair speculation. Bovril. Deferred are speculative, but Bovril Preferred Ordinary are worth buying, and yield 7 per cent. The others are risky.——M. A.—If your money amounts to £250, take it to the bank and see the manager.——F. K. M.—Mashonaland Agency shares are a fair speculation.——F. C. E.—The Bank you refer to is undesirable for deposits because it carries on a money-lending business at 30 per cent. interest on *note of hand*.——"Ladynif."—See answer above.——G. F. N.—The directors of Nicholson's Limited do not consider the "reserve fund" as much as we could wish, but the yield is good and the shares are a fair investment.——J. B. H.—British Moss Litter shares are a doubtful speculation. You will not get an adequate price in the market just now.——H. W. T.—Hold Mount Yagahongs.——J. F. W.—Hold Bandfonteins, Oceanas, Ooregum Ordinary.——"Renfrew."—See answers above.——"Brensworth."—Will inquire for you.——J. T. W.—American Railway shares on this side are nearly always gambling counters, and it is not safe to rely on good traffics or dividends.——J. B. may note answer to J. T. W.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Pearson's Weekly	8 8	4 4	2 2
Home Notes	8 8	4 4	2 2
Short Stories	6 6	3 3	1 8
The Sunday Reader	8 8	4 4	2 2
M. A. P.	6 6	3 3	1 8
Illustrated Weekly News	6 6	3 3	1 8
Pearson's Magazine	9 0	4 6	2 3
Royal Magazine	6 6	3 3	1 8
Dressmaking at Home	2 6	—	—
Home Cookery	1 6	—	—

War Pictures, 2½d. per copy, post free.

ALL POST FREE.

"Delicate, Fretful, and Nervous.

We tried various Patent Medicines, but with no good result, until we gave him Scott's Emulsion."

CECIL SCOTT.
(From a photograph.)

One of the worst things you can do when your children are delicate and do not thrive, is to dose them with secret nostrums containing powerful drugs. If you do not know what your child is taking, and are not reasonably certain about the results, the only right course to pursue is to consult the family doctor. More harm than good often comes to children through taking medicines containing powerful drugs.

One of the strongest things about Scott's Emulsion to commend it to the public is the fact that it is not a secret nostrum. When you give Scott's Emulsion to your children, you know that they are taking cod-liver oil, hypophosphites, and glycerine, in a form approved of by the whole medical profession. Here is a case where various patent medicines were tried for a little boy who was delicate and subject to bronchitis. His mother writes:

"Depot, Canterbury,
"April 24th, 1899.

"Dear Sirs,—Our little boy, who was born in India, was always very delicate, fretful, and nervous, and subject to bronchitis. In fact, several people told us we should never rear him. We tried various patent medicines, but with no good result, until we gave him Scott's Emulsion, which from the beginning seemed to do him good. He now is a fine sturdy boy of three years, and is happy and contented. We always keep Scott's Emulsion in the House, and I cannot speak too highly of it, and what it has done for our little son.

(Signed) "MARGARET SCOTT.
"21st E. I. Lancers."

The parents who see their children get well and strong by taking Scott's Emulsion are glad to write about it so that others may profit by their experience. Children universally love the taste of Scott's Emulsion, and the oil in this preparation is so perfectly emulsified that it is no tax upon digestion. Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy flesh and strong bones, and quickly restores vitality and strength to the system. It may be relied upon in coughs, colds, bronchitis, and in nearly all the cases where children need more nourishment than they are getting from their ordinary food.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending threepence to cover postage to Scott and Bowne Limited, Manufacturing Chemists, 95 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.

The Wonders of Digestion.

It is very interesting to note that the changes produced in Food by Digestion are, in their ultimate results, practically identical with those which would be produced if you cooked your Food for days instead of four hours or minutes.

The peculiarity of Digestion therefore is this: that it is able swiftly and without violence to produce changes which, under ordinary circumstances, could only be accomplished by long continued cooking and very slow chemical action.

The changes effected by Digestion are vital to our well being; without them the Food could not be absorbed into the Blood, and without absorption the Body would starve and waste away, no matter how much Food we ate.

Even when, after Digestion, Food has been absorbed into the Blood, it still has to be re-digested or assimilated, which means that the living life-cells in our bodies have the power to take up tiny atoms of non-living Food from the Blood, and convert them into living Life to make us strong and give us Health and Vigour.

It is easy to realise now how readily these delicate processes may be deranged, and it is not difficult to understand why such derangements inflict so much continuous suffering upon Humanity.

People neglect attention to their Digestive functions until they find them inflicting pain and discomfort, and then resort is had to drugs that in the end make matters chronic and more troublesome, simply because the action of such drugs is contrary to the acts and methods of Nature.

But if Guy's Tonic is resorted to either to prevent or to cure any disorder of Digestion or Assimilation, then great Benefit invariably results because the lines of cure and restoration followed are the same as the paths of Nature herself. Hence Guy's Tonic always does good and commences to do it quickly.

If there is Indigestion before the Food is absorbed into the Blood, there is lack of Strength and Vigour in the Blood, and the System is partly starved; besides which the decaying Food expands and causes Wind, Heartburn, Nausea, Biliousness, Headache, &c. Guy's Tonic ensures the Digestion of Food prior to absorption, and the symptoms of pain have no longer any reason for their existence, and of course depart.

If there is failure of Re-digestion or Assimilation, then the Nervous System suffers and the vitality of the Body is decreased, leading to paleness, Anæmic tendencies, Nervous Disorders, and prostrating pains. Happily Guy's Tonic is as beneficial for re-digestion as for Digestion itself, hence Assimilation is promoted and Vitality is increased by taking Guy's Tonic, thanks to its restorative and Tonic powers.

Mr. A. G. WELHAM, of Union Street, Aldershot, writes:

"I have been taking Guy's Tonic and "have derived great Benefit therefrom. I "can eat almost anything now with im-"punity, without any of the former Dis-"comfort. I frequently recommend Guy's "Tonic because I believe it accomplishes all "that is claimed for it."

Mr. G. RICHARDSON, of 8 Collingham Row, Queen's Road, Newark-on-Trent, writes:

"I have derived much Benefit from the "use of four bottles of Guy's Tonic after "suffering from Nervous Dyspepsia for over "twelve months. Needless to say, if I have "a recurrence of the trouble I shall fly to "your valuable Tonic again."

Miss A. SMYTHE, of 125 High Street, Rushden, writes:

"For a long time I was suffering from Weakness and General Debility. I had been "taking every kind of tonic I could think of but all to no purpose, until my brother "advised me to try Guy's Tonic, as he had been taking it. Guy's Tonic is the only "medicine he will take now, he has no faith in any other. I am pleased to say that after "taking two bottles of Guy's Tonic I felt quite well, and whenever I feel a little run-down "I just take another bottle which puts me right again. I shall most decidedly tell all my "friends to try a bottle of Guy's Tonic when not feeling well."

A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

KIMBALL'S

OLD GOLD

CIGARETTES.

ALWAYS LET YOUR MAXIM BE,
NOTHING BUT "OLD GOLD" FOR ME.

IN REPLY TO YOURS.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page.

WEARY WILLIE.—No, we are not going to the Paris Exposition. Editors never take holidays. But we should like to send you if we can do so under the conditions laid down in our scheme, of which you will find particulars on page 755. Just fancy having all your expenses paid for a fortnight, and seeing the most wonderful exhibition that has ever been held! Why, our good gracious, it is more than a millionaire has done for him! He has to pay his own expenses. Hustle around, therefore, WEARY WILLIE, and get all your friends—and your enemies, too, if you like (those who want to get rid of you for a time)—to nominate you for the trip.

C. A. tells me that he saw the other day in the road an attachment to a bicycle which enabled a father to take two of his children out with him for a ride. A small garden seat was suspended between two twenty-inch bicycle wheels, and a single pole connected it with the seat-pillar socket of an ordinary safety. The father was mounted on the bicycle, and the little children sat in the seat. He thinks this idea very much better than placing a child in a basket over the front wheel, and suggests that other parents might care to emulate the ingenuity of this one.——————Personally, I strongly deprecate the carrying of helpless little children in any way attached to a bicycle. In the first place, it is not particularly healthy. In the second, the enormous risks run counteract any enjoyment which the baby may get out of it. A big, strong man on a bicycle which collides with a brick wall, or side-slips under a 'bus, or whose back wheel suddenly comes off, is, at least, free from his machine immediately either of these things happens, and can make a struggle for safety. On the other hand, any of these calamities is certain death to the helpless child either strapped to a bicycle or fixed to a seat on wheels trailing along behind. If a man wants to give his child fresh air, let him wheel it out in a mail-cart. If he wants his child to go fast, let him run.

G. N.—The disappearance of the Niagara Falls is likely to occur at some future period owing to the fact that the basins of the great lake which feeds it are gradually sinking, and will at some future time bring their waters to a level below that of the top of the cliff over which Niagara now pours. The St. Lawrence will then become a tributary of the Mississippi.

I AM more than pleased at the success which has attended my efforts to establish rifle clubs throughout the country. Several are already in course of formation. From certain letters, however, which have been received, it is obvious that many readers are under the impression that the formation of a rifle club, or the joining of such clubs as those being formed under the auspices of *P.W.*, entails a large amount of trouble and expense, and, perhaps, some ultimate liability as regards joining the volunteers. Nothing could be further from the truth. Membership of a Pearson's Rifle Club in no way binds a man beyond his complying with the conditions, and he may resign his membership at any moment he likes. This point having now been made clear, there should be no obstacle in the way of joining one of these clubs. If readers do not care to organise a club, perhaps they would at least care to become members of one. If so, I should be pleased to hear from them. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, *Pearson's* Rifle Clubs, Henrietta Street, Strand, W.C.

THE prize of two guineas which was offered to the person who sent in the most interesting photograph taken during the Easter holidays has been awarded to Miss Lloyd, Warberry Lodge, Torquay, Devon.

Result of the "G. C. B." Competition.

THE prize of a solid silver pencil-case offered in this competition has been won by Mr. John Stokoe, of 9 Suffolk Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Result of "Thatched" Competition.

A SILVER pencil-case has been awarded to Mr. J. N. Sole, of 20 Southam Road, Banbury. In connection with this competition, I have been surprised to find that West Lavington is not by any means the only place in this country—or, for matter of that, elsewhere—where fire-hooks are in existence. I learn from my numerous correspondents that they have seen fire-hooks in many different parts of England, and, in some instances, the hooks are still used, not, however, for pulling down the buildings actually ablaze, but those adjacent, so as to prevent the fire spreading. In Burmah, the natives are required by law to provide themselves with fire-hooks, their houses being built mainly of wood and thatch, and, consequently, very inflammable.

JIMMY.—Oh, please don't send us any more war poems! We already have 415 sacks full waiting to be read, and seventeen of our article readers have sent in their resignations saying that they prefer Boer bullets to poet's *billets*. I might also mention that we are in no particular need of any more war games. It is customary in this office to give a fair trial to every game or puzzle submitted, and we have thirty-five harmless gentlemen chained down to chairs in our underground cellars, each with a patent war game before him. As, judging from the thousands which have yet to be tested, it will be some three years before they are all dealt with, it would be advisable for those readers who propose submitting further games to delay taking any action in the matter until May, 1903.

A. M. F. wishes me to explain the origin of the phrase used by Mr. Rhodes, four years ago, when he said that he was coming to England "to face the music." ——————There are two accounts of the origin of this phrase, which is used by many people besides Mr. Rhodes. One is to the effect that it has a military meaning—that the old militia laws ordered that when the men were drawn up in line they should face the music—which presumably indicated that they were not to attempt to avoid scrutiny. The second account gives the phrase a stage origin. When an actor faces the music he also faces the audience, and must be prepared to take the credit or blame for what he is doing or has done.

ETHEL calls my attention to the fact that it has recently been proposed that the teaching of housekeeping or domestic economy in schools should not be confined to girls, and she suggests that not only our boys should be so taught, but that it would be conducive to happiness in married life if our young men, and even husbands were to attend evening classes on the same subject. She would like to know my opinion.——————I cordially agree. Unhappiness often arises because husbands do not properly appreciate the petty trials of wives. It would certainly be an interesting sight to see a man in the midst of making a pudding, and then compelled to answer a ring at the bell; he would scrape the dough off his hands with some unprintable exclamation, probably getting some of it on the heels of his boot in the process, and then start for the street door, doing half the journey on the back of his head, owing to the presence of foreign matter on his boot, only to find that some urchin had rung the bell and run away. It would be worth a trifle to see that man, wearing a coarse apron, on his knees "clearing up" the kitchen or scrubbing the boards. It would be a splendid chance of patience for him to dust a mantel-piece full of ornaments, and replace them in exactly the same positions. And in the midst of all the anxiety and trouble and work occasioned by the proper fulfilment of his many domestic duties, he would have to find time to watch his neighbours and discover all about them. I venture to think that if a man had one week of domestic economy, it would be followed by six months in well-guarded seclusion.

RESULT OF WORD CHASING COMPETITION.—There were altogether 142 possible combinations of letters in this competition, under the conditions laid down. Only one competitor, Mr. Fred Wey, Rhianva, Rock Avenue, New Brompton, was absolutely right, and the prize of £5 has consequently been sent to him. The second prize has gone to Miss Hettie Scott, 10 Queen's Road, Portsmouth. The list of words is too long to publish here, but may be had on application, together with the list of the winners of the consolation prizes.

B. D. asks me to tell him the velocity of the blood in the human body.——————It is calculated that the average speed of the blood in the arteries is twelve inches a second, but the rate depends upon circumstances, such is the density of the blood. There are other circumstances which increase the speed of the vital fluid. The mean man who has succeeded in travelling second class with a third-class ticket, and has safely passed the collector, does the rest of his journey with blood travelling through his system at two or three times the ordinary rate. The married man, who has been "detained late at the office," and is walking upstairs without his boots in order not to disturb his better-half, finds his blood literally coursing through his veins when that top stair gives an ominous creak; and you will get a good idea of the velocity of the blood in special circumstances if you allow your mind to wander back to the time when your mother caught you in the pantry, or to that other and later period when you went down on your knees in front of your best girl—but I needn't enter more particularly into that.

A REPLY recently appeared on the "Questions Worth Answering" page which is likely to give the impression that Canvey Island is an astonishingly backward and unhealthy part of Great Britain. The vicar of that parish, however, tells us his flock of some three hundred persons cannot now be considered far behind the times, and that in recent years rapid advance has been made in all social and public matters. Moreover, the average number of deaths a year is only three—that is, one per cent.

I HAVE received a large number of communications from readers concerning the paragraph which I printed on this page a fortnight ago respecting the use of quicksilver to find the body of a person who had been drowned. The custom seems to be quite general in the Eastern and Midland counties, the usual method being to make a hole in a loaf of bread, place the quicksilver therein, and let the loaf float along the water. Several correspondents give authentic instances in which this method has proved successful in locating the body when dragging and diving have proved useless. It is declared that when placed upon the water the loaf moves along as though endowed with life until it is over the body, when it stops and remains quite still. Another custom prevalent in the same district is brought to my notice by other readers; a man beating a drum is rowed down the stream or river in which the body is lying, and when the boat is directly over it the drum gives forth muffled sounds.

SHEMUS is one of quite a large number of correspondents who have written to me to recommend some lotion that will prevent the growth of a beard in order that they may be saved the trouble of shaving.——————I do not answer medical questions on this page, and even if this inquiry be not strictly medical I must decline to take the consequences which I foresee as a result. In a month or so I should have SHEMUS coming to this office with part of a beard and telling me that the depilatory had only partly done its work and claiming damages for disfigurement; and he might show me a kind of carriage drive across his head where the hair wouldn't grow because he had unconsciously thrust his finger through it when that digit was covered with the lotion. Now, if someone could invent a wash for the hair that would always keep it out at the requisite length there might be something in it.

THE Fresh Air Fund list, which you will find below, is much too short again this week. It has got to swell out pretty considerably before anything substantial can be done in the way of giving happiness to the little children who are crying out for a mouthful of fresh air and a glimpse of the green fields that they know all too little about. I'll tell you what I will do. Combination is in many cases productive of better results than individual action. In the case of benefiting the Fresh Air Fund, combination may take the form of collections amongst clubs of every kind. This week, for example, perhaps the secretaries of all the bicycle clubs under whose notice these remarks fall, will feel themselves justified in taking a little trouble to collect within the next fortnight a few shillings from fellow members, and in the event of the total amount received from all the bicycle clubs reaching the sum of £8 2s., a special day will be set aside for 200 little children to go away into the country, to be known as the "Cyclists' Day." If any club is sufficiently generous to forward a cheque for this amount the day on which the 200 children go away will be known by the title of the club which gives this amount. I propose in turn to appeal to swimming, golf, tennis, boating, and all other clubs. Meanwhile, those kindly individuals who don't belong to a club of any sort might occupy their spare time sending along shekels towards the F.A.F.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £496 12s. 0½d.

F. J. Tyer, 10d.; G. R., £2; R. Falshaw, 5s. 3d.; A Sheffielder, 5s.; A. Selby, 2s. 2d.; E. F. Paul, 9d.; C. B. Maidstone, 1s. 6d.; H. E. French, 10s.; Word Chasing Competition, 1s. 3d; M. Harley, 1s.; Tod and Vem Campbell, 1s.; G. Lynes 2s. 6d.; L. M., 9d.; E. Shackleton, £1; K. Curlett, 9d.; Mrs. F. Fletcher, £1 1s.; W. Gray, 2½d.; F. Bert, 2s. 9d.; H. Fraser, 1s.; F. Bourne, 2s.; Inasmuch, 6d.; W. F. Moralcos, 1s.; E. J. Hutchinson, 2s.; P. B. L., 10s.; A. T., 5s.; A. Silverton, 11s.; Mrs. W. Smith, 2s. 6d.; H. J. C. 2s.; Ivy Holton, 2s.; Nellie Holton, 2s.

COLLECTED:

R. Purves, 2l.; W. Bloasdale, £1 7s. 1d.; A Friend of the Kiddies, 10s.; George Gill, £2 8s. 6d.; J. Homeyard, 1s.; J. Moore, 1s.; R. Webster, 6l.; Result of Concert Organised by Messrs. Chapman, Arnell and Oates, 6s. 2d.; Lowestoft Fish Markets, £1 10s.

Grand (P.W.) Total, £513 14s. 5d.

ADVERTISEMENT SCALE.

Single column, per inch, per insertion	£2	0	0
Full page inside, facing page of matter, either white paper or 2nd or 3rd page of cover, or back page, per insertion	100	0	0
Half page " "	50	0	0
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Eighth page " "	12	10	0
Tenth page " "	10	0	0
Front page " "	120	0	0

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Offices: HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.
Registered Telegraphic Address—
"HUMOURSOME, LONDON."

Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co. are our Sole Agents in Sydney (180 Pitt Street), Melbourne (362 Little Collins Street), Brisbane (Edward Street), Adelaide (7 King William Street), and Cape Town (33 Loop Street).

P.W. can also be obtained in Paris at Neal's Library, 248 Rue Rivoli, and at the principal Kiosks.

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the Best and Safest Tonic ever Discovered.

A FAIR CYCLIST'S HEART.

"It was last September," said Miss Alice Hawcroft, Welham Bridge Farm, Holme, Yorkshire, to a *Yorkshire Gazette* reporter, "that I found I was unequal to the exertion of riding my bicycle. I was very sorry to lay it aside, but had no help for it. I felt pains round the heart when riding, and last November I began to suffer very severe pains in the head and chest, and was at times distracted. I was suffering from anæmia and neuralgia. I was unable to sleep, I ate little, and altogether was in a poor way.

"I had tried different remedies," the young lady proceeded, "but gained no benefit from them. I suffered severe pain at the heart. But fortunately I had Dr. Williams' Pink Pills recommended to me. I had heard a good deal about these pills, many people having told me about them, and a cousin said they had done him good. So I made up my mind to give them a trial."

"What result did you experience?"

"I have been better ever since," was the ready reply. "I noticed a change when I had taken but a few of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Up to the present time I have taken two boxes, and I feel quite well now. I can take a twenty-mile bicycle ride and enjoy it. All my pains have left me, and I can get about my occupation as usual. I had a dance last night, and the exertion didn't affect me in the least."

Brisk exertion tells on a weak heart, and a weak heart is one of the most frequent signs of anæmia. Neglect may lead to *disease* of the heart; cure the anæmia, and the heart, as in this case, will soon be strong again. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People (which are only genuine when bearing the full name, seven words) make new blood and pure blood, thus curing all the disorders that deficient, poor, or impure blood causes—anæmia, consumption, indigestion, rheumatism, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, and general weakness.

It is not for girls only that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done so much, but for women of all ages, and for men too. They are not a purgative pill; it is strength that they give.

"TONE."

Tone is the condition of the body when all is in good order, the blood rich, the nerves steady, the spine and back strong, stiff, and vigorous.

People who lack Tone and fly to medicine are often made worse. Purgatives weaken the body and derange the digestion; so do ordinary tonics, so called; and they irritate the nerves too. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, used according to the careful directions that come with them, are the one True Tonic. They cannot do harm, they can only do good.

DO YOU NEED A TONIC?

If you are quickly tired, lack energy, feel weak in the back, cannot relish your work; if you are nervous and have headaches; it is a Tonic you need. Get these Pills.

DR WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

And mind you ask for Dr. WILLIAMS'.

THE HAPPY GIRL.

Healthy, happy girls often become languid and despondent, from no apparent cause, in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along, always tired, never hungry, breathless and with a palpitating heart after slight exercise, so that merely to walk upstairs is exhausting.

They are anæmic, doctors tell them, which means that they have too little blood.

Are you like that? Have you too little blood?

Anæmic people are made strong, active, and energetic men and women by the using of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have cured CONSUMPTION, ANÆMIA, INDIGESTION, RHEUMATISM, &c. among your Neighbours.

WHAT THEY DID FOR A SHEFFIELD CUTLER.

At Daisy Walk, Fawcett Street (Court 2, House 3), Sheffield, lives Mr. George Lenton. He is twenty-three years of age, a table-knife cutler by trade, and can put in as many hours' work as any man. He had a significant story to tell when a reporter on a well known Sheffield newspaper called to see him.

"In April of this year," Mr. Lenton said, "I was seized with a very peculiar malady which bothered me very much. I suffered from terrible pains in the head, and the pains also reached below my eyes. It was awful, and I felt I could not bear it for long. It affected my eyesight very much, too, and brought me down so in general health that I had no desire for meals. I stood it as long as I could, but at length was compelled to visit a doctor, who gave me some medicine; but the pains continued, and the thought that ordinary medicine seemed powerless to touch my complaint made me feel very despondent. Then a neighbour named Howarth, a young fellow like myself, told me how he had been ill, and how after a long illness he had discovered a tonic that brought back his lost health. That remedy was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and, acting upon his advice, I obtained a box, though with only a faint hope of relief. I was ready to do anything to dispel the racking pains in my head. I commenced taking the pills according to the directions which are wrapped round every box, and when I had taken three-quarters of the contents I felt a great deal better, and imagine my surprise and delight when I found I was as well as ever I had been in my life by the time the box was empty."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism, and sciatica, impoverishment of the blood, consumption of the bowels and lungs, anæmia, weakness, neuralgia, all forms of female weakness, and hysteria. These Pills are genuine only with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and are sold by chemists, and by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Holborn Viaduct, London, at 2s. 9d. a box, or six boxes for 13s. 9d.

People who Send Freak Envelopes.

AVOIDING conventionality, a lady of refined taste and artistic fingers, decorates the envelopes addressed to friends with pretty water-colour sketches of rural views, birds and flowers. So very delicate are these that it seems a sin to intrust them through the post, the official markings considerably reducing their beauty.

As the artist's correspondence is large she is kept pretty busy for two or three days weekly with pen and pencil. Birthday letters are inclosed in appropriate wrappers with silver lace-work and posies; Yuletide missives gives the postman glimpses of holly, snowy cottages, and steaming plum puddings; and so forth throughout the year, always something seasonable or individual.

A sporting friend, after a series of triumphs on the field, received a letter franked with horse and jockey, straining opponents in the rear, everything complete yet the decorated envelope was only three inches and a quarter wide by three inches and a half long. The letter-carrier said it was so lovely he was almost tempted to steal it.

Envelopes of home-made construction are used by a literary gentleman in writing to his private circle. They are of rough leatherette paper and devoid of gum, being so folded that there is only a baby flap securing the left-hand corner, on which the postage stamp is affixed. The epistle is placed on the square of rough paper, a few twists of finger and thumb, and it is inclosed securely; tampering fingers cannot open the wrapper without leaving traces behind. These squares of leatherette are specially prepared for his use.

Not only is strong paper employed in the making of his envelopes, but paper-binders—three or four of them—are pushed through wrapper and letter, and pressed flat on the margin of the flap in the case of another peculiar correspondent. To open one of these letters without damaging would require delicate fingers and patience.

An industrious lady, upwards of eighty, writes four letters yearly to her daughter in Ireland, and so fearful is she lest their contents should be intercepted, that she actually knits a fine lace-work round and above the envelope, inclosing it in a silken mesh, through which the address is easily read, a square hole being left in the corner to receive the stamp. The task is a somewhat lengthy one, the net alone consumes a day in preparing, and, stitch by stitch, is the perfection of accuracy.

White ink on red paper renders the envelopes of an original scribe obtrusive. Gold ink is used by a well-known actress, and a Society lady cuts out the address on her wrappers by means of a tiny knife, the letters showing up in gilt or colour, according to the sheet of paper slipped within the envelope to form a background.

Is a carpenter unhealthy because he is a nailing man?

"A KISS," remarked the Sentimental Boarder, "is like pounding a sugar barrel. The less noise it makes the more sweetness there is in it!"

An Alarming Remedy.

IT is one of the wonders of science that what might hurl humanity to instant destruction may yet be utilised as an invaluable remedy for affliction, and of such is picric acid, the constituent of deadly lyddite.

As an anti-septic, it has no equal in the treatment of very severe burns; and on the recent occasion of a poor country girl tenderly receiving treatment in a southern county hospital, through being badly injured in a fire, her wounds had just been dressed with picric, when she was told that what had been applied was the same kind of acid as caused bombshells to burst, and she must not be surprised if she exploded.

The alarmed country wench, who doubtless had heard terrible stories in her village of the Boers being blown to atoms by the wonderful shells, in an instant took fright at the nurse's intimation, and in a seeming agony of mind expressed the horror that in a moment she would be scattered to all parts of the ward!

Tenderly the staff present assured her that what had been said about exploding was only a little nonsense to amuse her, and that the dressing applied to the burns was the best remedy known in the world for such a purpose.

The explanation at length calmed the poor, terrified girl, and her gratification for the kind treatment she received was none the less heartfelt when she found that she was "not going to be blown to pieces like the Boers."

MRS. BROWN (at Mrs. Smith's tea): "Oh, dear, that dreadful Miss Smith is singing again. I wonder what started her?"

Tom Brown (aged seven): "I dropped a penny down her back when she wasn't looking."

"I HAVE but one rule that I follow absolutely in this life, and that is to make other people as happy as possible."

"Well," she replied, "you ought to be gratified, then, at what I heard a young lady say the other day."

"What was that?"

"She said that whenever she saw you dancing she had to laugh."

The Maori War-whoop.

AMONG battle cries the Boers now hear there can hardly be one so scaring as that of the New Zealand troopers, whose war shout is like that of the fierce Maoris who fought against our troops in the rebellions from 1860 to 1870.

More than 20,000 British soldiers saw active service in New Zealand, but of these three only are in the roll call of Chelsea Veterans; one, Thomas Morris, late of the 18th Royal Irish, recollects vividly the Maori yell.

From what Morris relates, the Maoris, before going into battle, form up in line with their chief in front. Orders are then given for a war song, the weird chanting of such strain taking about a quarter of an hour.

A brief address follows, giving place to wild gesticulations, in which the raised right hands wildly flourish the tomahawks. The head is then thrown back, mouths opened to the utmost, and a loud and long scream given terrible in its weird savagery.

Echoing through the wild scenes, amidst which the New Zealand braves fought, the yell sounded from afar like a fearful, despairing cry, as, the order to charge being given, the savages fell upon the foe.

Undaunted in attack, the Maoris proved themselves dogged in defence, and, despite the courage of our soldiers, several most serious British reverses were experienced, through the Gate Pah and other like stockades being so ingeniously constructed and tenaciously held as to render an assault almost certain to fail.

The Maori war-whoop came from but few renegade throats during the New Zealand campaign, though William Thompson, an Englishman, joined the enemy, becoming a chief. By his death, in 1867, the long struggle, forming the only war our country ever waged in Australasia, began to near its end.

The Maori war-whoop when given from native throats is rendered all the more terrible upon seeing the savages' faces, the tattoo marks appearing to force their gaunt high cheek bones into hideous relief, whilst the eyes seem as if bolting from the very sockets.

To some people the fact might seem strange that civilised men should display any tenets of the savage, but it is a peculiar feature of the colonial-born child that he has a love for treasuring certain of the characteristics of the aborigines.

Of the many remarkable incidents arising out of the New Zealand War was the marrying of a colour-sergeant to a chief's daughter, the bush bride afterwards being borne upon the "strength" of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and, though a daughter of Hawaiki, became the mother of several Soldiers of the Queen.

PICTURE RIDDLES.

Closing Day

Monday, May 14th.

LAST SET OF PICTURES.

A CRISP £50 NOTE

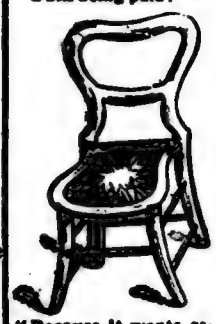
Will be given to the reader from whom we receive correct answers to all these riddles.

Under each picture is a conundrum, having reference to the subject depicted. For instance, the example shows a chair with a broken seat. The conundrum asked is, "Why is this chair like a bill being paid?" The answer is: "Because it wants re-seating (receipting)."

Now do the rest in the same way. Write each answer in *ink* against the number of the picture. Insert your name and address in the space provided. Then pin the four sets of sheets together, and send them to reach us by Monday, May 14th. Mark your envelopes "Riddle."

In the event of a tie, the prize will be divided, but no competitor will receive more than one share, no matter how many correct attempts he forwards. The Editor's decision will be final, and competitors must enter on that understanding.

"Why is this chair like a bill being paid?"



"Because it wants re-seating (receipting)."

31. Why are the parcels this man is carrying like the Boers prepared for war?

32. When is this purse like a thunderstorm?

33. Why is this Boer's gun like a bill that has been paid?

34. Why is the foremost jockey unlikely to beat his horse?

35. Why is this shrimp like a member of Parliament?

36. Why has this man lost his position?

37. What is there about this that resembles a foreign coin?

38. Why is this hen like a brewer?

39. Why is this workman very discontented?

40. Why are these publications much dreaded by the Boers?

31.....

32.....

33.....

34.....

35.....

36.....

37.....

38.....

39.....

40.....

Name..... Address.....

Paper pattern of a most becoming cotton shirt given away with next week's HOME NOTES.

ARE YOUR NERVES POISONED?

THE IMPURITIES THAT POISON THE NERVES AND CAUSE NEURALGIA AND OTHER NERVE TROUBLES ARE REMOVED BY KUTNOW'S POWDER, AND THE DIGESTIVE DERANGEMENTS THAT CAUSE THESE IMPURITIES TO ACCUMULATE IN THE SYSTEM ARE RECTIFIED.

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

Nothing robs life of its pleasures more completely than a disordered nervous system. Persons thus afflicted endure more actual misery during their lives, grow old faster, and die earlier than any other class of sufferers. Any little discomfort or annoyance that a healthy person would scarcely notice is liable to cause torture to the nervously inclined, and the trifling "worries" that do not worry healthy people drive the nervous individual almost frantic. Our lunatic asylums are full of people whose condition is due to nothing but shattered nerves.

Quite a number of preparations are for sale which are intended to strengthen the nerves, but unless they remove the digestive derangement which causes the blood and nerves to become filled with impurities and be poisoned, they can be of little use. Whatever good they might do could scarcely be of a permanent character.

The only way by which relief can be secured from nervous disorders lies through a course of Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder, which remedies these disorders by removing the cause. This cause is indigestion, which Kutnow's Powder removes by restoring the digestive and eliminative organs to an active, strong, and healthy condition. When this is accomplished, the waste matters that result from the digestive processes, instead of remaining in the intestines and getting to the blood and nerves, are regularly removed, and the nerves are freed of their weakening, irritating presence.

As a general strengthener, cleanser, and stimulator of the digestive and eliminative organs, nothing can be found more effective than Kutnow's Powder, and hence in any derangement of the digestive organs it may be used with a certainty of its affording relief. The other symptoms of this condition, such as pallor, emaciation, headache, lassitude, and insomnia, soon disappear after a course of Kutnow's Powder, and the entire system is benefited.

WRITE FOR A FREE SAMPLE.

FOR ONE MONTH Messrs. S. KUTNOW & Co. Limited will send of KUTNOW'S IMPROVED EFFERVESCENT CARLSBAD POWDER a SAMPLE FREE and POST PAID to every adult applicant who, in writing, mentions *Pearson's Weekly*.

KUTNOW'S POWDER may be obtained in capsuled bottles, of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Price, in Great Britain only, 2s. 9d. per bottle, or post free (in the United Kingdom only) for 3s. from the London office. See that the Registered Trade Mark, "Hirschensprung" (or Deer Leap), and the autograph facsimile signature, "S. KUTNOW & CO. Ld." are on the label and carton. Only these insure genuineness. Insist on "KUTNOW'S," and firmly refuse any substitutes, as they are worthless.

Proprietors: S. KUTNOW & CO. Limited, 41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.
Proprietors in U.S.A.: KUTNOW BROS. Limited, 853 Broadway, New York City.

Breezy, Bracing

BLACKPOOL

HAS SPECIAL ADVANTAGES at this Season of the year. The accommodation for visitors is unrivalled. Magnificently Furnished Hotels, Admirable Hydropathic Establishments, Capital Boarding Houses, and Private Apartments of every description offer the best of accommodation for visitors of all classes.

No finer Watering Place can be found on the English Coast.

A trip along the miles of frontage in the Electric Car at the edge of the sea is as good as a sea voyage without the discomfort. In the case of bad weather an admirable variety of places of entertainment are open for visitors.

The train service from all parts of the country is most excellent, and Bookings at specially low rates are available by all Companies.

£20

Hairdressers Fitted up. Estimates Free.

Tobacconists commencing. See Illustrated Guide (250 pages), 2d. How to Open a Cigar Store, £20 to £2,000.

TOBACCONISTS' OUTFITTING CO., 166, Euston Road, London.

The Largest and Original House. (30 years reputation.) Manager, H. MYERS.

The only Efficacious Substitute for Cod Liver Oil.

Devonshire Cream

(Really Genuine). In patent air-tight tins, ½lb., 1/6; 1lb., 2/4; 2lb., 4/-; including tin & postage.

MRS. CONYERS, Merchard Bishop, DEVON.

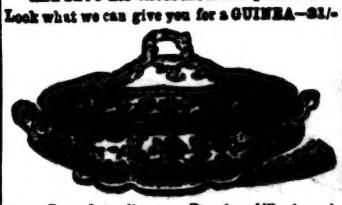
"Vi-Cocoa is a Very Palatable Beverage OF GREAT STIMULATING AND SUSTAINING PROPERTIES."

—British Medical Journal.

You Want Crockery!

Then buy direct from the Manufacturers and save all intermediate profits.

Look what we can give you for a GUINEA—21/-



One Complete Dinner Service (47 pieces), beautifully printed on Semi-Porcelain body; One Complete Tea Service for 6 persons, pure white Semi-Porcelain, finished in fine gold; One Complete Breakfast Service for 6 persons, in pure white Semi-Porcelain.

This is undeniably the most remarkable value ever offered for 21/-. *Money returned if not perfectly satisfactory. Just the thing for a nice Wedding or Birthday Present.*

Packed Free.

Illustrations Post FREE on request.

IMPERIAL POTTERY CO., BURSLEM, STAFFS.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN.

White, Cream, Ecru, and 12 Art Shades. Curtains frilled two sides and bottom, 3yd. long, 36in. wide 6/9 per pair. May also be had by the yard, 36in. wide, frilled both sides, 11½d. per yard. Sample Book of Plain and Figured Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 6/-. Sample Book of Materials on approval. Roman Carpets, Cretonnes, Tapestries, Art Linens, Art Silks, Flannelettes, Art Serges, &c. Patterns sent on approval. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleum, Quilts, Post Free.

LACE CURTAINS.

Direct from the Warehouse.

THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL.—1 pair elegant Drawing-room Curtains, 4yd. long, 3yd. wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3½yd. long, 52in. wide; 1 pair Breakfast-room Curtains, floral style, 3yd. long, 50in. wide; 1 pair pretty Bedroom Curtains, 3yd. long, 40in. wide. ALL TAPED EDGES. 1 Lace Stand Cover, 2 real Lace Toilet Mats. The lot, carriage paid, 17/6. White or ecru. Such handsome value has never before been offered. Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, &c., post free.

REVERSIBLE CARPETS.

DIRECT FROM THE WAREHOUSE. MARVELLOUS VALUE. The Homeland Reversible Carpets, with handsome border all round, are woven in one piece, in artistic designs and colours, and have the appearance of Tapestry or Brussels Carpets costing five or six times the price. 6ft. by 9ft., 4/9; 7½ft. by 9ft., 6/-; 8ft. by 9ft., 7/6; 10½ft. by 9ft., 8/6; 12ft. by 9ft., 9/6; 12ft. by 10½ft., 11/6; 12ft. by 12ft., 12/9; 15ft. by 9ft., 12/6; 12½ft. by 12ft., 14/6; 15ft. by 12ft., 15/9; 15ft. by 12ft., 20/6; 15ft. by 15ft., 22/6. THE VALUE IS SIMPLY ASTONISHING. When ordering, please state if for Drawing, Dining, or Bedroom, and colour preferred. Hearthrugs to match, 1/9 extra. Money returned if goods not approved. Price lists post free.

E. Gerringe & Co., 60a Dept., Nottingham

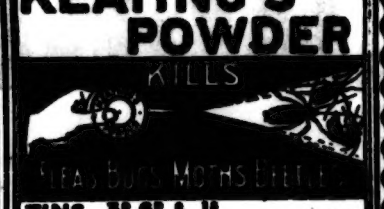
AGENTS WANTED For the Sale of First-class Fountain Pens. Special Terms to Reliable Agents. —THE STAR Stationery Co. Ltd., 24 Cursitor St., Chancery Lane, London, E.C. Sample box free.

MONEY UNDER WILLS. Persons entitled to cash or property at death of relatives can borrow at 5 per cent. per annum or sell. No charge made unless business results. Messrs. GREASLEY, 203, Strand, London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

4/- PER MONTH, or for cash. Exceptional Value. String, Brass & Wood Wind, Musical Boxes, Polyphons, &c. Carr. paid. Catalogue free. DOUGLAS & CO., 7 South St., London, E.C.

KEATING'S POWDER



TINS 3d. 6d. & 1s. THE NEW BELLOWS 9d.

Formerly manufactured for the trade, but now distributed to the public direct.

UNLAUNDRIED WHITE SHIRTS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

The "DEFIANCE."

In the two years they have been before the public thousands have been distributed through Great Britain and the Colonies, and now from all quarters unsolicited testimonials and repeat orders are daily received.

It is a combination of "perfection in cut and quality," with lowness in price, seldom found in an advertised article.

ONE TRIAL SUFFICIENT.

QUALITY.

No. 1.—"THE DEFIANCE." Pure linen cuffs and fronts. A wonderful shirt. 2/6 each; 14/6 per half-dozen, post free.

No. 2.—"THE CONQUEROR." Reversible cuffs to button back or front. 3/3 each; 18/9 half-dozen, post free.

No 2.—"THE CITY SHIRT." Fit for a duke to wear. Reversible cuffs, and to button back or front. Sample free by post, 3/9, or 21/6 per half-dozen. Also "THE CITY EVENING SHIRT," with broad front, one stud-hole, and large cuffs, at the same price, 3/9 each.

WHEN ORDERING, MENTION SIZE OF NECK-BAND AND SAY WHETHER TO BUTTON BACK OR FRONT.

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, Manufacturers, Dept. F, 191 Sauchiehall St., GLASGOW.

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I have tried the treatment on myself, after having been given up as incurable, and cured myself, and have since practised it for over 19 years in many thousands of special cases. Many having suffered for over 40 years have been cured by my treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 or 80 years), after having been GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.

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I had been under four medical gentlemen, but they did not seem to do me good. I was getting worse instead of better. I was never sure when I went to bed how I would awake, as the attack would come on all at once. I would break out in a hot sweat and choking as if I were going to expire. I would have to sit up in bed for ease, as I thought, but it used to make me worse. I could not lie down. I used to be fighting for my breath. I have had neighbours waiting up with my wife, expecting every minute to be my last. My wife tried everything she was told, but of no avail. When I came under your treatment I was at my worst, but, thanks be to God and you for your kindness and attention to me, I have never lost one day's work since I came under your treatment. That is what I never have done before for six months. Now I have not the slightest symptoms of that awful disease—Asthma.

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I suffered for several years with Consumption, and the doctors gave me up, and told me the only cure would be to go abroad. I lost a half-pint of blood a day. I could only walk across the room with difficulty. Also, I suffered with a dry cough and night sweats, and whenever I attempted to do anything I had a fearful pain in my left side. In September, 1897, I was given up. I didn't know what it was to enjoy a good meal. My food did not seem to do me any good. I made up my mind to try your cure, just at the time when I was at my worst. After trying your Treatment I began to improve; my cough ceased, and I did not suffer from the night sweats, and I have not had a return of the bleeding of the lungs for over 12 months. Now I can walk a considerable distance without feeling the least fatigue. I don't think I can thank you enough for your marvellous Treatment, to which I owe my entire cure.

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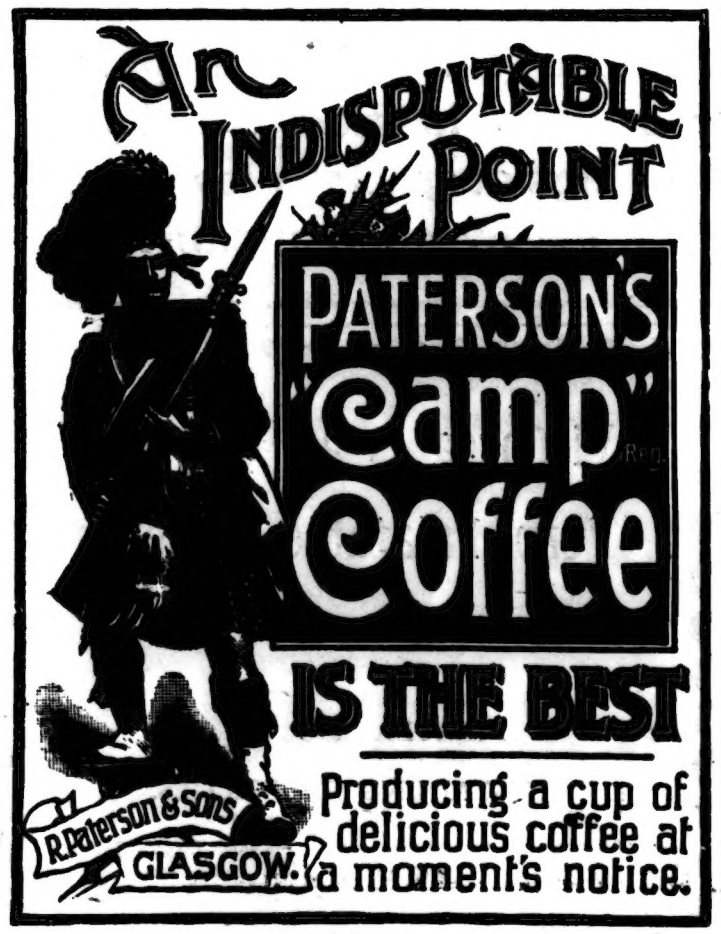

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